THE ART-UNION.

LONDON, MARCH 1, 1847.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

EXHIBITION—1847.

THE forty-first Annual Exhibition of the British Institution was opened on Monday, the 8th of February—the "private view" having taken place on the Saturday preceding. It consists of 561 works, of which 18 are in sculpture; as usual, the catalogue contains the painful and humiliating announcement that 400 pictures have been rejected "for want of room."

As a whole, the collection cannot be described as satisfactory, although it is, we think, a degree better than that of last year. Did we not know that our school of Art is steadily advancing, we should look in vain for any heartening *solatium* from the examples of British Art here gathered together. There is an unusual paucity of favourite names; but we had even rather they were few than obtain a *rechauffé* of the leavings of the Royal Academy. The walls present an undue proportion of landscape pictures—frequently the case here, because, and justly, portraiture is excluded; and especially the case at present, because so many figure-painters are engaged in works for more important exhibitions to come. We have a religiously original school of landscape; but its power is not declared in one or two Exhibitions; and, curiously enough, although some may invoke a plague upon our many houses of Art, we are not well assured that, with their inconveniences, there are not salutary influences in these divisions. There is a dearth, we say, of the names we habitually here look for with more or less interest: Stanfield, Turner, Landseer, Maclise, Cooper, Martin, and many others, who have this year withheld their contributions—a coincidence which, we well know, cannot be attributed solely to one cause. It is not for the British Institution that efforts are made: these are reserved for other *arenæ;* but we, nevertheless, see here remarkable phases in style (*pictore invito*), for which ordinary explanations do not satisfactorily account. Although Gainsborough painted frequently with a Mola before him, his style remained generically the same; but, had he gone to Italy, no man could have said what change might have come over him. We see upon these walls pictures painted in a manner which we must presume to be the result of a visit to "the south," but which could never be recognised as the works of the same artist who hung here his admirable Dutch and North Sea scenes of past years. Like the Doge, he has wedded the Adriatic, but his bride has destroyed him. Before Turner went to Italy, Wilkie expressed a hope that the *terra beata* would bring him out of our national haze. Wilkie thought Turner would paint the sheen of Italy without the haze of Britain; but who will say that Turner's Italy is less hazy than his Britain?

We shall not consider it necessary to occupy very considerable space with our remarks on the collection. Of the 561, a very large proportion will demand no notice at all; and the remainder, with few exceptions, may be treated briefly. We find scarcely a single name new to Art-History; and there are not many among the contributors who have manifested very unequivocal signs of improvement.

We think the "blunders" in hanging are less numerous than they have been heretofore; some works of veritable worth are, of course, hidden in corners; while others of no value whatever have been thrust obtrusively forward. The hanging, certainly, is not such as to restore confidence in the management; although it is obvious, we think, that greater caution than usual has been studied. There is, however, one serious charge to which the Directors—or their representatives, for whom the Directors are responsible—have rendered themselves liable. There are no fewer than seven pictures by artists of the Netherlands, hung all in good places—three or four of them occupying the best positions in the Gallery. They are for sale. Yet there is little doubt that they are the property of M. Nieuwenhuys, the eminent dealer—who deals largely in Dutch and Belgian pictures, and who has brought to this country and sold here, within a few years, works to the amount of many thousand pounds—perhaps we should be within the mark if we calculated the extent of his importations in modern pictures alone (to say nothing of his shiploads of ancient masters, some of which are said to be executed on English canvas) at one hundred thousand pounds. Now, we by no means take the narrow and selfish view of Art that would consider it as a monopoly: we rejoice to welcome to England the productions of Foreign painters—rejoice to see them exhibited and to hear of their being purchased; but the British Institution was established, and is sustained, "for Promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom": the catalogue is called "A Catalogue of *the Works of British Artists*" for exhibition and sale; and, while we have some doubt if the Directors were justified in *admitting* into the collection these seven works by Flemish painters, we have no doubt whatever that they ought not to have occupied the best places—to the exclusion of several of the 400 "rejected for want of room." The case is considerably strengthened by the fact—if it be so proved—that the seven pictures had been sold by the artists to M. Nieuwenhuys, who exhibits them here with a view to profit.*

We respectfully call upon the Directors to make inquiries into this matter; and, if they find correct that which we have intimated, to withdraw these pictures from the walls, to erase them from the catalogue, and to give the most unequivocal expression of their opinion as to the deceit that has been practised upon them—for, if the pictures be the property of M. Nieuwenhuys, and not of the artists—by deceit only could they have been admitted and received the best places—to the deep mortification of our artists, to their serious injury, and to the prejudice of the public—inasmuch as, to make room for them, we are quite sure better works have been excluded "for want of room."

Surely, the remark applies with equal force to the inanity of W. Scrope, Esq.—a wealthy amateur and one of the Directors—whose picture, which occupies so prominent a position in the Middle Room, can neither gratify nor instruct a single observer; while it excludes the works of three or four professional artists—to whom such exclusion may be an evil of which Mr. Scrope can either have little idea or to which he gives little thought.

No. 1. 'A Mountain Road, North Wales,' J. LINNELL. There are two phases of Nature in which this artist is unrivalled—one is glowing daylight verification of autumn; the other, the sombre broken landscape with menacing clouds. This picture is of the latter class: the entire scene is kept in deep shadow, the backs of high and distant land telling forcibly against a mass of rolling clouds. The whole of the lower material is united into universal breadth, although elaborately pencilled into a profuse richness of detail. The work is in all respects masterly.

No. 3. 'The Lovers' Walk,' F. DANBY, A.R.A. The first impression of the spectator, on looking at this picture, is that it is too smooth in surface. This quality is not an advantage, for without such a surface the artist has produced the same effects with not less success. This is, however, a picture of wondrous power. The scene is a terrace, on which are two figures touched here and there by the light of the moon. The sentiment is profoundly tender, and nothing can transcend the management of the light, which the artist has shed as parsimoniously as a miser deals out his gold. The usual depth is perfectly described. It seems to be painted in little else than umber.

* The painters whose works are contributed by M. Nieuwenhuys supply no just criterion of the modern Dutch and Flemish school; they are but inferior or third-rate artists. It is such men as De Bruyckere, Madou, Wappers, or Leys of Antwerp, with others, who constitute the modern Flemish school.

No. 6. 'The Holy Well,' F. GOODALL. A small picture, presenting in the foreground a few figures, painted with a felicity rarely seen. The group consists of an aged man and some children; the latter, as usual, inimitably rendered with all the playful motive of the thoughtless age. An elder sister gives to a younger some of the water to drink from that natural chalice the hollow of her hand. The exquisite feeling of these figures is beyond all praise. Over the holy well rises a holy cross, and in the distance are ruins of a religious edifice. The scene is essentially and exclusively Irish, and true to the very life.

No. 11. 'The Abbey of St. Amand, Rouen,' E. A. GOODALL. A nook in the ancient wooden city well worth painting. The object of the artist has been a faithful representation, in which he has succeeded, and most unobtrusively. There is nothing in the buildings themselves to strike an ordinary eye, but here they come forward with much interest.

No. 12. 'A Forest Lane,' J. STARK. Such scenes this artist frequently repeats from the materials about Windsor Forest. The retiring masses of foliage, being more freely painted, are the most successful in the composition; had the nearest tree been treated in the same manner, the effect had been much improved.

No. 13. 'Hatton Forge—a Scene on the River Lune, Lancaster,' W. LINTON. This is a large picture, presenting the river in the centre, flanked on the left by some well-painted rocks. This artist paints home scenery more attractively than that of Italy.

No. 20. 'Fishing-boats on the Thames, near Medenham,' A. W. WILLIAMS. An admirable subject, treated with power and earnestness. On the left of the composition appear masses of redundant foliage, so generously painted as to afford all the truth and fulness of Nature. The subject derives life from boats and figures on the river. The picture is hung high, but, although large, we could have wished to have inspected it more closely.

No. 21. 'A Venetian Letter-writer,' J. INSKIPP. This is a picture of a class different from those usually painted by this gentleman. It is large, and contains three figures—the scribe and two maidens, for one of whom the former is writing a "reply." The subject is not well defined, nor are the heads and character Venetian.

No. 23. 'Irish Courtship,' F. GOODALL. This work is equal in narrative and execution to the very best the artist has ever painted. The scene is one of cabin life—the *personæ* being, above all, a girl featured like a rare gem, and complexioned like the transparent enamel of a lovely flower; she is sitting at the door making a net, and smiling at the *badinage* of the favoured lover (for there are two), who is seated on a barrel; while between him and her, scowling and biting his lip, sits the rejected, cast into shadow by the other, and consequently very properly so dealt with also by the painter. The face of this girl is a triumph of Art in felicitous expression and masterly execution. The cabin is lighted from two sources—a cold light, with the most perfect success, is brought down the chimney, and a warm light comes in at the door.

No. 25. 'The Noontide Meal,' R. REDGRAVE, A.R.A. One of those snatches of landscape which this artist paints with so much grace. The materials are a few pollard willows overhanging a brook, and affording shade for the discussion of the "noontide meal." The left of the picture is exquisitely wrought; the right we could have dispensed with.

No. 30. 'Market-place at Coutances,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. Certainly one of the most attractive of—we may almost call it—the home scenery of this distinguished painter. The quaint houses of the old wooden town are in character, although with scarcely all the breadth the artist has given them. The whole is charmingly treated; the highly ornamented spire rises here into importance over the houses, which are made out with abundance of unobtrusive detail.

No. 31. 'An Old Mill-pond,' SIDNEY R. PERCY. This is a large picture, apparently painted from sketches closely imitative of Nature. From the near brink of the pond rise tall and luxuriant trees, and at a little distance the scene is closed by others of a similar character. The water lies principally in shadow, as reflecting the hues of the masses of foliage; but, although the

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picture is large, it is difficult from its position to speak otherwise than in generalities.

No. 39. 'An Israelite indeed,' W. Etty, R.A. It is impossible to understand that this can be intended as the head of an Israelite, unless it be advanced with the more profound view of representing a member of one of the lost tribes. In character the head resembles a Sioux, or a warrior of some other of the tribes of Amerian Indians. There is much to be explained here.

No. 40. . . . . Mrs. Carpenter.

"Ah, mayst thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring."

Such are the lines standing for a title to this picture, the subject of which is a girl—described with all the winning sweetness with which this lady so well knows how to invest her youthful heads. The style is, as usual, vigorous, and the colour brilliant and lifelike.

No. 45. 'Turf-stackers—Scene in Glen Lyon, Perthshire,' R. Ansdell. With how much admiration soever we may regard passages of this composition, none of these compensate for the general chalkiness of effect by which the entire surface is dispirited. The right foreground presents the life of the subject—a group of Perthshire peasants, with dogs and accessories, rich in colour, and well disposed in relation with each other. The picture, however, wants shade to give value to its better qualities.

No. 46. 'Scene at Northwick Park,' E. J. Corbett. Contrary to the usual preferences of the artist, this is an open view leading the eye into a remote and well-painted distance. After his beechen glades, spotted with stealthy *soupçons* of golden sunlight, this scarcely gratifies the accustomed relish with which we have looked upon the nerve of his touch in former pictures. It is, however, undoubtedly a picture of high merit, presenting striking passages of natural beauty.

No. 53. 'Spring Time,' J. Inskipp. A country girl seated on a bank, with much more of daylight in the picture than is usually seen in the works of this painter; indeed the roundness and substance of the figure are sacrificed to that ever-conspicuous desire for breadth which, duly balanced, is one of the great charms of the manipulation of our school. The head is eminently beautiful—covered with its rustic bonnet, beneath which are the brilliant and liquid eyes wherewith the artist lights up his faces.

No. 54. 'Shallow Streams,' T. Creswick, A.R.A. This is a large picture, and not a whit less careful, we rejoice to see, than the most elaborate works by the same hand. It meets the eye at first as too severely cold, too green; and, although it mellows on acquaintance, is still far away from the sunny harmonies—the transcendent attributes of former works. These streams flow down in breadth to the nearest part of the picture, rippling over a stony and uneven bottom; the view being closed by a high back of land, which is beautifully graduated into distance. But the charm of the picture is the division of the stream at a little distance from the immediate foreground; and here flows a thread of water represented and circumstanced with a magic which no hand has ever yet surpassed. This artist will never be a mannerist in colour; he here confesses that Nature is a mystery to him; and thus it is that great things are done. The trees are *individually* too green; but, if we try the entire composition in mere black and white, its *chiaro'scuro* is beautifully true.

No. 55. 'Celia's Triumphs,' J. Gilbert. A passage from Ben Jonson, pictured with a degree of grace approaching Stothard.

No. 56. 'A Country Lane,' J. C. Bentley. A small picture, simply according to the letter of the title, and characterised by much sweetness of treatment.

No. 58. 'The Approaching Footstep,' F. Stone. The story here were sufficiently clear without the title. A girl, in the costume of the last century, reclines upon a bank, listening with well-expressed attention to the footstep. There is in the figure much nature without affectation; much grace without effort; the features are ineffably sweet, but we have seen them many times before. The dog the lady holds in her arms would alone tell of the "approaching footstep"; it expresses eagerness and joy with singular felicity.

No. 59. 'Harvest Time, Westmoreland,' H. Dawson. Although somewhat "thin," there is in this work evidence of careful study of Nature, and considerable power in dealing with a subject that presents many difficulties.

No. 66. 'Morning,' J. Sant. The subject is followed out by a representation of a youthful figure equipped as a shepherdness, who has ascended to the highest peak of a mountain, and is consequently opposed only to the light sky, as still moving forward she listens to the lark which is seen above her. The expression of the figure is pointed, but the drawing in some parts, as the feet, is open to correction. The slight support of the figure is also objectionable, as it is difficult to tell whence she is come, and whither she is going. With this comparatively slight fault there is much to commend in the work; it is, indeed, a production that exhibits a high and fine mind; and supplies evidence of rightly-directed thought. If the artist be a young man his future is of rich promise.

No. 67. 'Welsh Mountain Scene—Autumnal Cloudy Weather,' H. Bright. This is unquestionably an admirable and valuable picture; its liquid and transparent shadows—its rich, subdued, and charmingly harmonious colour—and its masterly manipulations are unsurpassed; but the artist has put us up at that very roadside mill for about four years; we are heartily weary of our quarters, and the threatening aspect of that same cloud which has been menacing us ever since the first hour we came within earshot of the monotonous brawl of the crazy machinery. The title says "Welsh"—it is a beautiful draught upon the ideal; if there ever was anything Welsh about it, it has been undone by handling.

No. 72. 'Dorothea,' T. M. Joy. We never have an exhibition without a Dorothea; we have said much on this subject, and must say much more. This want of research is to be deplored; it is especially so in the case of an artist of high talent whose works are generally of the best order.

No. 83. 'The celebrated Oak in Polstead Park, Essex,' 34 feet girth three feet from the ground, F. R. Lee, R.A. An enormous tree truly—but thus treated more interesting to the proprietor than to any one else, being presented as a mere *portrait* backed by a dense screen of trees.

No. 84. 'Scene in Epping Forest,' A. W. Williams. This is a small picture, but by much the best we we have ever seen from the hand of this artist. The blue of the sky is too predominant, but the force, touch, richness, and general management of the picture, are admirable.

No. 85. 'Bassanio choosing the Casket,' H. Le Jeune. A small composition of only two figures, but conceived and realized with the most exquisite feeling and masterly power. Although so small, the style of the work is grand—there is a quiet relation established between the two figures eminently successful in fixing the attention of the spectator, if the work possessed no other charm to rivet it. Of this little picture we have, in a few words, to observe that it is painted in a taste which few living painters could evince.

No. 87. 'Lowestoffe—Coast of Norfolk,' W. A. Knell. A sea-view with very slight materials; the aspect is that of a wild gusty day, the sea yet chafing under the effects of a recent storm. The whole presents a marine view of some interest.

No. 89. 'The Fronde Riots,' J. Gilbert. This picture is worked out in the usual sketchy style of the painter, whose aim seems to be colour rather than aught else, because there is much carelessness in the drawing. The subject is a passage of French history, which describes Anne of Austria as being compelled to exhibit her son to the rioters to satisfy them that he had not been removed. Thus she is presented withdrawing a curtain and showing her son, who is asleep, to the citizens. The subject is one of little interest; the canvas is, however, rich in colour, but the style is too sketchy for earnest painting.

No. 90. 'On the Conway River, North Wales,' H. J. Boddington. The view is of a character entirely different from those we have been accustomed to see under this name; it is, of course, an open scene, but by no means so interesting as the shaded green lanes we remember.

No. 99. 'Courtship,' J. Philip. A very beautiful little work, full of delicacy, truth, and Nature.

No. 105. 'Junction of the Conway and Lleder, North Wales,' A. Barland. A small picture showing the stream backed by trees; painted with much decision—beautiful in colour and powerful in effect.

No. 106. 'Epstein Castle, in the Taunus Mountains,' G. C. Stanfield, jun. It is evident in this picture that the young artist is vindicating a style for himself. All his former Rhine and other scenery bespoke a good school, but the treatment of this picture is pronouncedly that of a more creditable independence.

No. 107. 'Scene in North Wales,' J. Middleton. A dangerous imitation of a manner of which we have already complained. It is curiously successful as an imitation of the oil works of an accomplished crayonist. The same kind of subject, the same forcing with shadow, the same hues and even touch in the foliage. Were the work original, it were as valuable as its prototypes.

No. 115. 'Vesuvius and Bay of Naples, from off Castel-a-Mare,' E. W. Cooke. We should never, but for the catalogue, have attributed this production to a painter who has, even up to last season, painted so charmingly the scenes on the shores of the North Sea. A Mediterranean craft appears in the near part of the picture; and in the distance we see Vesuvius. But the work is, in everything, the very opposite of those eminently sweet pictures which have acquired for him his reputation. When he exhibited his Rhine scenery it was far inferior to the pictures of which we speak, and we then counselled him to return to the scene of his triumphs. We so counsel him again.

No. 116. 'Interior of a Welsh Cottage, near Conway,' E. A. Goodall. An interior, full of the domestic detail of cottage life, worked out with extraordinary constancy and success. The inhabitant, an old woman, who is spinning, is in perfect character with her abode, which, in effect and all its circumstances, is admirably described.

No. 117. 'Mayford Bridge, Surrey,' J. C. Bentley. A very charming and purely English landscape.

No. 119. 'Morning—View of Naworth Castle, Cumberland,' Copley Fielding. The venerable Naworth is seen in the distance gleaming in the sun—a representation which is given with much truth. The composition is similar to those in which this popular painter has so often shown us Bolton Abbey embosomed in distant trees.

No. 130, 'Balbiano, Lake of Como,' G. E. Herring. A work of much ability, with considerable refinement and force.

No. 133. 'The Shrine of St. Edward the Confessor,' E. A. Goodall. A trite subject, to which, however, the excellent artist has rendered ample justice.

No. 134. 'The Reverie,' A. Johnston. The subject, a small single figure, is unworthy of an artist possessed of the power exhibited in works under his name.

No. 138. 'A Woman selling Fruit at her Stall,' P. Van Schendel. This is a *della-notte* effect: the stallkeeper and those to whom she sells being lighted by her candle. The effect is skilfully managed; but, after all, the Dutch and Flemish schools of the past and present times abound with these subjects. It exhibits laboured execution, but the labour has produced little that is valuable and nothing that is striking or new. The figures are clumsily drawn, and the composition is very indifferent. This is one of M. Nieuwenhuys' pictures; price £130.

No. 141. 'Cordelia,' A. Rankley. There is nothing in this figure that speaks of Cordelia. It is a practice too common to present figures without definite circumstances or character to rescue them from a score of aliases.

No. 143. 'A Group of Pointers' Heads,' T. Woodward. The group consists of three, protruded from a wooden hutch; they are well drawn, and full of lifelike observation, but the composition looks flat for want of relief.

No. 144. 'Crotoy, on the Somme,' G. Stubbs. Not painted with sufficient care to finish; but with many brilliant and masterly parts.

No. 145. 'Lane—Picking Wild Roses,' J. M. Youngman. There is much of nature in the aspect of this simple scene; but the greens are all so monotonous as to entirely deprive the picture of that verdant freshness which is one of the great charms of such *morceaux*.

No. 146. 'A Straw-yard,' J. F. Herring. Not only is the 'Straw-yard' a masterly representation, but the denizens of the straw-yard are even to the life. It is winter; the trees are bare, and the straw, here and there, covered with snow. The most prominent of the animals are, a brown pony and a grey horse, both incomparably painted,

especially the former. Their easy movement in feeding is a masterly representation, and even more beautiful are the truth and life presented in their eyes. The excellence of this picture will rarely be surpassed in its kind.

No. 148. 'River Scene on the Scheldt,' HUME LANCASTER. Like the river below Flushing; but there is little variety on the Scheldt to establish identity. The picture is small, warm in tone, and painted with breadth.

No. 149. 'Fruit,' G. LANCE. Consisting of grapes, a pine, a peach, pomegranate, &c.; represented with the exquisite truth by which all the works of this artist are characterized. We find in the corner of the picture the accustomed strip of matting, which—like the waterfall of Ruysdael and the violet of Garofalo—we may consider the sign manual of this admirable painter.

No. 150. 'Rizpah watching the dead Sons of Saul,' J. C. HOOK. "And she suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." The time chosen by the artist is night—a night of the first days of the barley harvest—and the allusion is, therefore, to Rizpah; driving the beasts of the field (hyænas) from the bodies by which she is surrounded. The bodies are those of men recently slain; and the distinction between life and death is studiously pictured The artist has proposed to himself difficulties which he has overcome with infinite skill, as in the distribution and foreshortening of the figures. There is no offensive display of anatomical knowledge—the knowledge being sufficiently shown without pretension. As a whole, the picture is one of much excellence; it must, however, be observed of the colour, that, as a *manner*, it is inferior to that of earlier pictures.

No. 162. 'An Old Avenue,' F. R. LEE, R.A., The fourth picture, we believe, that this gentleman has painted of the same subject; but by no means so successful as previous versions, for, although the road recedes into distance flanked by the trees, yet the foliage overhead does not fall into the same felicitous arrangement, but presents a screen which the eye does not penetrate beyond the first trees of the foreground. The adage says, "It is a long lane that has no turning." We heartily wish Mr. Lee would find one in his, or get to the end of it.

No. 164. 'Interior of the Church of St. Jacques, at Antwerp,' J. BOSBOOM. A part of the church, in which lie the remains of Rubens, and very like that noble interior—as much so even as any of those of old Peter Neefs to his subjects. This is as much as can be said of the work, which is not of a high order; it does not approach in merit the interiors of many of our own painters—Roberts and Goodall for examples. This is one of M. Nieuwenhuys' pictures; price £80.

No. 164. 'The Gentle Shepherd,' W. D. KENNEDY. A small picture, more fresh and solid in style than the works of this artist have of late been. The composition consists of two figures, skilfully treated in an open landscape.

No. 169. 'Drummossie Moor, the Battle-field of Culloden,' W. SIMSON. A somewhat large picture, of a not very interesting passage of landscape scenery, brought forward under an evening effect. The remote parts of the picture are forced with strong shadow, in opposition to the fading light. The disposition of the objects has not been well considered; the manner, too, of lighting the grey pony in the foreground is not according to the quality of the light which should prevail in the picture. It resembles the moor, but so would a piece of its turf; the subject is ill chosen; it is by no means one that requires or deserves so large a piece of canvas; and it is certainly out of place in the best position of the best room.

No. 177. 'Courtyard and Corridor of an Hotel,' H. VAN HOVE. Another picture of the modern Dutch school, and no doubt unimpeachably accurate in its description of the place. With these pictures, however, we need not fear to bring our own into immediate comparison. The manner is elaborate to a degree, but thin and dry. Another of M. Nieuwenhuys' pictures; price £90.

No. 179. 'Italian Boy,' W. HUNTLEY. Being equipped with a hurdy-gurdy, he asks you for a *soldo*, as he frequents Piccadilly and the Clubs; had he been an idler, we should have known him as a frequenter of the Piazza del Popolo: he would then have talked of *quattrini*. The figure is small, and describes well the vagabondizing air and equipment of these ubiquitous instrumentalists.

No. 180. 'The Cottage under the Hill,' F. R. LEE, R.A. A picture rich in colour, and among the most successful we have of late seen by this artist.

No. 181. 'One of the Quiet Country Lanes,' T. J. SOPER. Nothing more than what its title professes; it has all the freedom and decision of this artist's works, who, we think, is capable of something of more pretension than the small productions he usually exhibits.

No. 184. 'Fruit,' G. LANCE. A Cantiloup melon, peach, plum, section of a pomegranate, &c., forming rather a large composition, on the left of which drops a part of a silk curtain, which it were certainly better should be drawn aside, since every inch of the canvas thus manifestly betrayed is crying aloud for justice.

No. 185. . . . . J. SANT.

"She hangs upon the cheek of Night."

A lady, life-sized, is here seen seated, as it were, upon the floor, reading, and surrounded with drapery. She is presented under the effect of two lights—that of a strong artificial light on this side, and on the other that of the moon. The figure is extremely well painted, ingeniously circumstanced, and both effects are well made out; but had the picture been smaller it had been a treatment more worthy of mere effect, for in life-sized figures we look for something beyond this.

No. 194. 'Hoar Frost,' J. P. PETTITT. The materials are a mill, frozen stream, trees, and a profusion of vegetation, silvered by the frost. The work is a triumph of labour, which we humbly submit might be infinitely more profitably employed than on such a subject.

No. 195. 'Venice,' J. HOLLAND. The canal, with the Dogana, the Palace, &c., the best composition we have of late seen by this artist. In *Venezia la ricca* he is at home—he paints the canals of the City of the Sea better than the canals of Holland. The effect here is that of evening, which is rendered with much felicity. There is certainly no work of greater ability in the collection than this: it is a fine high-class work honourable to our English school of landscape-painters; and cannot fail to place the artist in a very elevated position.

No. 205. 'Playmates,' MRS. CARPENTER. These playmates are a laughing boy and a pet dog; the head of the former only seen, from the limited size of the picture, which is a small oval. In the boy's head are the usual freshness and playfulness of youth, which this lady is so felicitous in expressing.

No. 206. 'A Magdalen Reading,' W. ETTY, R.A. A life-sized head and bust, nude, exhibiting all the leger-de-main for which this painter is so celebrated. There is an ambiguity in the drawing of the lower part of the figure extremely offensive to the eye. Here, however, we see in breadth this painter's manner of frequently working over tender shadows with a thin scumble, and in this breadth the beautiful truth of the lights of the flesh.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 214. 'Bianca Capella,' A. ELMORE, A.R.A. This picture presents only two figures—the principal being the famous Bianca, of whom we believe there exists a portrait in one of the Florentine collections. The picture shows many of the valuable points which we have eulogized in former works, but is placed too high for close inspection.

No. 220. 'The Love-letter,' T. MOGFORD. A work of considerable interest and much power; in which the story is well told and with fine effect.

No. 225. 'A Son of the Coast,' the late J. B. SMITH. A fisherman on the seashore, treated with all characteristic simplicity of description and expression. Another single figure, by this late much respected and rising artist, is No. 232, 'The Gleaner,' equally skilful in execution, and even more interesting than the other.

No. 226. 'Laying Eel-traps,' A. GILBERT. A small picture, showing two figures in a punt, occupied according to the title. This river view is treated with a sombre effect admirably made out and charmingly coloured.

No. 239. 'Fruit Girl,' J. INSKIPP. The pictures of this artist would lose none of their value did he adhere more to natural truth and less to manner. This figure is by no means so interesting as many of his other rustic figures; the expression is coarse, and the excessively black hair very heavy.

No. 240. 'At Finale, on the Corniche,' C. R. STANLEY. A large picture, presenting striking features of the mountainous scenery of the region; the picture is carefully painted, but nevertheless certainly not so pleasing as many simpler English coast subjects we have seen under the same name.

No. 241. 'St. Lorenzo—Coast of Genoa,' T. S. ROBINS. A bright and sunny picture, presenting many beauties and some objectionable passages. The boats, water, and distance, are well painted, and the remarkable features of this bold and rocky coast are rendered with much truth; nevertheless there is wanting the spirit which distinguishes the artist's water-colour drawings.

No. 242. 'A Road through a Wood in Taaf Vale, South Wales,' A. VICKERS. This is one of the best landscapes in the Gallery; it is of singular truth, but rendered with a fine poetic feeling. The centre of the picture, in which a by-road runs between trees, is worthy any landscape-painter of the age.

No. 244. 'Study of a Head—Meditation,' C. BAXTER. That of a maiden, life-sized, drawn with much simple grace, and painted with much sweetness of colour.

No. 246. 'A Dell,' J. LINNELL. This is scarcely a dell, though an equally valuable slip of scenery, of which the components are merely an idle stream, and the trees which shade it. The effect is, of course, sombre, but an examination of the little picture—for such it is—displays an extraordinary richness and depth of foliage opposed to the careering white cloud which is rising in the sky. The work is of value; but the value placed upon it by the artist—"without the frame"—seems meant to prevent the chance of purchase. There is much short-sightedness in "greediness of gain."

248. 'A Pastoral,' A. J. WOOLMER.

"Amaryllis I did woo,
And I courted Daphne too."

And Daphne is here the favourite of the moment—the other sitting apart in the shade, nursing the *Amaryllidis iram*. We are glad to observe here more subject, more earnestness, than we have hitherto remarked in the works of this artist, whose facilities in some things are too great. The story is pointedly told, and the style of composition improved by additional care. It is in fact a very charming work.

No. 264. 'Gulf of Salerno, and Mountains of Pæstum, from Amalfi,' E. W. COOKE. The best of the artist's Italian pictures, and one which ranges in excellence up to his North-Sea coast scenes. The foreground shows a boat on the sand, with a sail shading it, according to the usual Southern custom; Pæstum lies far over the waters among the mountains which close the horizon. This is a region so much frequented by painters that we may, in reference to them, paradize the Neapolitan proverb, and say to each—"Vedi Amalfi e poi mori."

No. 257. 'L'Allegra,' C. DUKES. A female figure, but scarcely Allegra: for hers is a grave mirth. The style of painting is, however, an improvement upon the other works exhibited under the same name.

No. 258. 'The Grandfather,' J. PHILIP. A composition of three figures—the grandfather, grandchild, and mother. The old man is of the good old school of stout English yeomen. Very perfectly charactered; but there is too much light in the picture, which is flat for want of relief.

No. 259. 'The Frugal Meal,' J. F. HERRING. This is a picture of three horses' heads, painted in a manner superior to anything of the kind we have ever seen. They are feeding, picking up what they can find eatable; and, thus occupied, the movement of the lips, the speculation of the eyes, and the motion of the ears of these animals, are the results of the closest observation of Nature, and show an acquaintance with equine expression that cannot be exceeded.

No. 260. 'Mill on the Machno, North Wales,' C. BRANWHITE. A large picture, in which the stream descends from the mill; but the perspective is so faulty that the remote parts of the picture press before the immediate foreground. It is an error to apply to this picture the grey tones which so well became the admirable frost picture of last year; every object is elaborately made out, and this extreme nicety is carried so far as to deny breadth and effect.

No. 266. 'On the Coast of Genoa,' G. E. HERING. A circular picture, not only in this but in all things, reminding us of the brilliant pictures which have been realised in the same

form by the artist. On the right of the work rises from the foreground a small pavilion, in which appears a picture of the Virgin. This is somewhere between Genoa and Leghorn, and the spectator is placed on a point whence the eye ranges far along the coast, which retires into a tenderly-painted distance.

No. 267. Glen Falloch, from above Inverannan,' J. D. HARDING. A very striking passage of the wild scenery of this picturesque district; the near components of which are of the most commonplace kind. A cottage, a stream, trees, and effective minor accidentals—admirable in arrangement, and masterly in the treatment; but certainly less interesting than the valuable water-colour productions lately exhibited by this accomplished artist.

No. 273. 'Nymph disarming Cupid,' W. F. FROST, A.R.A. A gem of some three or four inches, in which Cupid is seen sleeping beneath a rose bush, the nymph having just deprived him of an arrow.

No. 275. 'The Plaisance in the time of Charles II.,' H. JUTSUM. A garden scene, with figures attired in the cavalier taste. The picture is extremely clean in style and touch, and richly harmonious in colour. These small compositions are elegant, but not up to the powers of the artist.

No. 281. 'La Tristesse,' A. SOLOMON. A small half-length, having the head supported by the left hand. The features are fresh and clear in colour, and the general treatment is most successful. It exhibits, indeed, a pure, high, and refined feeling for Nature and for Art.

No. 284. 'Garden Scene—Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire,' J. D. WINGFIELD. The works of this artist abound with groups of figures, in which a highly profitable study of costume is evident. Those which give life to this composition are extremely graceful; but the picture, besides being a repetition of former works, is not an improvement on them.

No. 285. 'The Gull's Nest,' T. EARL. A giddy cliff, overhanging the sea, is the scene of this adventure, the hero of which is a little boy, who makes a perilous descent upon the gull's nest, viewed from above by his little brother and sister. The interest is well sustained, and the composition harmonious, even brilliant in colour; but it far too forcibly reminds us of the treatment of a similar subject by Mr. Collins.

No. 286. . . . . A. JOHNSTON. This is a subject from Blair, but the story is of friendship, not of love. The passage in the poem ("The Grave")—

> "Oh, when my friend and I
> In some thick wood have wandered heedless on," &c.

—the artist has rendered as a pastoral love story, putting a shepherd's pipe or flageolet into the hands of the speaker, to the notes of which his mistress listens. The picture is inferior to the recent productions of its author, and, what is remarkable, extremely "mealy" in colour. The countenance of the lady is very forbidding, and the limbs of her lover clumsy to a degree. In short, it is a decided failure.

No. 288. 'Hotspur and Lady Percy,' W. M. EGLEY, Jun. A work of very considerable ability; illustrating one of the the love-tiffs which Shakspere describes with so much delicate beauty. The picture is skilfully grouped; the expression and character are good; and the draperies have been studied with great care and attention to accuracy.

No. 295. 'The Death—Stag Hunt in the Olden Time,' R. ANSDELL. A large picture, of a class of subject in which the author excels, although this is inferior to the picture of last year at the Academy. The stag is here yielding to the dogs, and about to be speared by the hunters. The whole of the animals, especially the dogs, are well drawn and painted; and the interest of such a scene is sustained with infinite spirit.

No. 297. 'The Way to Bembridge, by Brading Harbour, Isle of Wight,' A. VICKERS. This is a long canvas, presenting a view of a flat country, which is managed with exquisite sweetness. It is freely touched, and broad in effect, but all the objective is uniformly too small; in this there should have been greater diversity.

No. 302. 'Fête Champêtre, Siècle de Louis XVI.,' H. ANDREWS. There is some unpardonable mistake here; there never was a fête champêtre in this style in the time of Louis XVI. All the figures here are persons with whom we may profess a nodding acquaintance, since they are so little disguised from the pic-nic parties of that facetious fellow Watteau. There was nothing of this kind in the time of Louis Seize, save on the stage, or on Sèvres china; and, after all, wherefore the affectation of a title in French?

No. 303. 'Reposing after Bathing,' W. ETTY, R.A. We are now so much accustomed to look only for colour in the works of this artist that we are not surprised at any eccentricities. This is a group of three female figures: in the drawing, faulty in many instances—a circumstance which must create surprise, as perhaps no artist ever lived who has painted more from the nude than Mr. Etty. The back of one of these reposing figures is in parts very elegant, but at the waist too much refined upon to be in proportion to the other parts. Of the masterly power displayed in the work, there can be no question; but it is positively provoking that an artist should manifest such culpable carelessness; look at the foot of one of the figures, for example—a mass of deformity, and ask Mr. Etty if he means to say he has produced a finished picture or a sketch. Mr. Etty has been, of late years, receiving large sums for his productions—pounds for shillings as compared with the prices he obtained some twenty years ago—and he may probably think he has made enough of fame to justify his only working for money; but this is not the reasoning of a high mind or a true artist; mischief cannot but result from the crude and careless efforts of genius; corruption is sure to follow so debased a style; and it is our duty to warn the British school against the peril of imitating what is bad while admiring what is good.

No. 304. 'The Village Church,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The approach is overshadowed with trees, beyond which is the church, the whole forming a composition more in the usual style of the painter than others in the Exhibition, but with less of Nature than his green lanes.

No. 308. 'Recollections of Venice—Evening,' J. HOLLAND. Another very forcible effect—a round picture affording glimpses of recognisable sections of Venetian scenery, and equal in excellence to the most estimable, by the same hand.

No. 310. 'The Welsh Stile,' C. DUKES. The best composition which has been exhibited under this name. The stile is a resting-place for two girls, who are painted with much characteristic simplicity, and, together with the circumstances of the composition, agreeably coloured.

No. 317. 'Boys with Birdnests,' T. BARKER. This is a curious example of the old—the very old (or very young it may be)—school of English Art. It has merits in its effect, and among the canvases by which it is surrounded it seems to have descended from among the simple rustic subjects of the first Royal Academy catalogue.

No. 322. 'The Villa of Mecænas and Cascatelli, at Tivoli, with the Campagna of Rome in the distance,' J. UWINS. The villa appears on the left of the composition, and beyond this point we look far into the remote distance. This is a view of this oft-painted spot not very frequently presented. The general tone of the picture is sober, and the style of execution decided but careful.

No. 333. 'The Orphan,' F. NEWENHAM. A little girl attired in deep mourning; her eyes are cast upwards with an expression which bears out the title as describing her bereft state.

No. 336. 'Welsh Lake and Mountain Scenery,' T. J. SOPER. The forte of this painter seems not to lie in open scenery—at least in this picture there is not the power displayed that appears in his close scenes. The distance is deficient of that airy tenderness of tone and hue, without which the retiring passages of landscape cannot be fitly disposed.

No. 337. 'An old Water Mill at Iffley, Oxfordshire,' H. BRIGHT. A highly picturesque object, with very appropriate accompaniments, and so old that any undue pressure from the infirm wheel must threaten to bring the whole down—even the trees are in their green old age, and the water seems to court repose. It is a beautiful picture. We cannot but congratulate the artist on his abundant catalogue of old mills and wayside cottages.

No. 343. 'Study of an Indian's Head,' J. E. MILLAIS. A half-length, of which the head has the features of a native of our Indian possessions; and this part of the figure is well drawn and painted, but the arm and hand are feeble.

No. 348. 'Bovignes, on the Meuse,' W. OLIVER. The eye is here distracted by the innumerable points of detail; there is, however, much valuable feeling in the work, but it is especially in those parts where breadth is at all shown, as in the water near the foreground. The subject is admirably calculated for painting, and with a more generous treatment had been highly effective.

No. 349. 'Morning,' J. DEARMAN. This is a lake scene, with cattle in the foreground; the eye is carried beyond the lake and rests on the mountains in the distance, of which it may be said that in form they are characterized by too much similarity, and the aërial perspective places them all in the same place. The picture is bright, and agreeably coloured.

No. 350. 'Redcap,' G. LANCE. Redcap is a monkey, who is inspecting the contents of a larder, in which there is a mallard and some vegetables—a savoy, red cabbage—and still-life items. The duck is inimitably painted, and the savoy is an invaluable evergreen that will proclaim honour to the artist not less effectually than the more luscious subject-matter of his other pictures It is, in truth, a work of the rarest character and highest value.

No. 357. 'Winter,' BODEMAN. This picture is hung shamefully high: it is the production of a Belgian artist, but does not belong to M. Nieuwenhuys—a fact which may account for its position; it belongs no doubt to the artist. It seems to show considerable ability; there is ample evidence of earnest study of Nature, and thorough acquaintance with its effects under circumstances such as winter brings.

No. 358. 'The True Friends,' J. M. JOY. A child and a dog circumstanced as in portraiture; the head of the infant is carefully and well drawn.

No. 359. 'A Break in the River,' T. CRESWICK, A.R.A. This is one of those subjects whereby this artist acquired his earlier fame. The whole of the objective is present to the eye, comprehending simply a waterfall and rocks within a screen of trees. So successfully are the rocks and stones painted here that the eye in a great degree *feels* their excessive hardness; they are a miracle of truth in description, but the wiriness of their lines might have been softened without a sacrifice of truth in general character. The water flows down to the foreground with that pellucid depth which is so valuable in these works, and the trees have in their general aspect as much of Nature as can be represented in Art—with this exception, that there is a coldness in their hues, which may arise, perhaps, from the too free use of verdigris.

No. 360. 'Skye Terriers,' C. JOSI. Apparently a mother and her only pup: the former exhibiting the staid habits of maturity—a strong contrast to the piquant expression in the busy eyes and ears of the younger animal. These dogs are finely painted with much originality of treatment.

No. 362. 'Outskirts of the Park of — Evelyn, Esq., near Wotton, Surrey,' A. O. DRACON. A very simple subject—a pathway overhung with trees, between, and from, which drops a charming diversity of light and shadow.

No. 365. 'The Last Moments of Mary Queen of Scots,' ALEX. FRASER. In this large picture we find, according to the authorized accounts, the last moments of the Queen passed in unwillingly hearing the exhortations of a clergyman of the Established Church, while she holds in her hand the cross, with a resolution to die in the Catholic faith. This is the point of time represented by the artist; there is consequently no movement, but the numerous figures are at rest in various dispositions. Mary is by no means a felicitous conception; and there is much in the picture that had been improved by finish.

No. 366. 'The Temptation,' A. KERSON. Never has there been seen a more extravagantly unhappy attempt at "High Art" than this—every requisite for such a composition being wanting; and the more glaring are the errors of the work from the figures being of large size. Anything more monstrous than the Satan of the picture it were impossible to conceive; and the Saviour is a figure scarcely less tolerable. The artist should practise drawing, confine himself to less ambitious attempts, and study pictorial proprieties.

No. 370. 'Papa's Walking-stick,' J. R. SWINTON. Portrait of a child holding a stick. We have seen excellent pictures exhibited under this name, but this little figure recommends itself neither by its drawing nor any other at all estimable quality.

No. 371. 'Clearing Fallen Timber in the

Wood of Buckhurst, a Seat of the Earl Delawarr,' H. JUTSUM. There is more purpose in this work than in any the artist has ever exhibited. The picture is large—the subject being a close wood scene, the timber of which principally consists of beeches. It is remarkable for breadth and massing, derivable from a facility of execution—perhaps at the sacrifice of some natural detail and depth. The work is, however, more than creditable to one of our best painters of landscape.

No. 375. 'An Old Curiosity Shop,' H. F. OAKES. The subject of this picture is a patient collection of utilities of all kinds—*omnia et quædam alia*—items enough to fill a thick catalogue, which have been brought forward at an amount of labour that might have been more profitably employed. The picture is rich in colour, and the objects generally are well painted.

No. 378. 'The Meeting of Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester at Cumnor-place,' Mrs. J. ROBERTSON. In this excellent picture the "Gipsy Leicester," as he was called by his enemies, is in the act of saluting Amy—having, according to the course of the story, arrived at Cumnor-place on one of his periodical visits. He is richly attired; and she not less so, wearing a white satin dress, which is painted in a manner most perfectly to represent the material. The room in which the meeting takes place is magnificently furnished, and every object is represented with the utmost accuracy. This is a style of subject in which we believe this lady has never before exhibited, although from her portraits no doubt could be entertained of her success.

No. 379. 'The Campagna, Rome,' W. LINTON. This picture is painted in a manner very different from others by the same artist, and this difference lies on the side of excellence. A ruin is presented on the right foreground, beyond which the eye penetrates into the distances of the Campagna. This production is among the best the artist has ever painted; but, after all, in these Campagna pictures there is very little to interest, and their number is wearisome, for every Exhibition has its proportion.

No. 385. 'View on a Frozen River,' A. SCHELFHOUT. A feeble effort—to say the best of it—by an artist of repute; one of M. Nieuwenhuys' pictures; unlike the others, it is not "for sale"—or, at all events, no price is given with it; but the name of the painter is in raised letters on a label forming part of the frame—a piece of vanity, if indeed the artist has been at all cognizant of the fact.

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 386. 'A Savannah on Fire, by Moonlight, from Sketches made on the spot during the Government Expedition to British Guiana, South America,' E. A. GOODALL. This is a large picture, in which the two effects—that of the fire and of the moonlight—might be presumed to enfeeble each other; and so it is, in some degree; but this has, we may suppose, been the aspect under which the artist beheld the conflagration. The fire, apparently driven by the wind, traverses the composition until lost in the distance. In the foreground apppear cattle and Indians, alarmed by the calamity. The near objects and character of the men declare the scene of the event. In the execution of the picture, every care seems to have been exerted for the sake of surface.

No. 387. 'A View near Pont-y-Cyping, North Wales,' T. DANBY. Rocks, stones, and much of the material of a wild and picturesque district, united with very judicious effect.

No. 388. 'The Flower of the Scheldt,' A. J. WOOLMER. A lady wearing a red velvet *cote-hardie*, such as we see in the old Dutch pictures. She stands upon a terrace, relieved by a sky background, and forms, in the whole, a graceful figure.

No. 389. 'A View on the Rhine,' Capt. J. D. KING. An amateur work, with very considerable merit.

No. 390. 'A Study,' J. INSKIPP. A small picture—a female head and bust; the features distinguished by much sweetness of expression. It is in these heads that the power of this artist lies.

No. 401. 'Wootton Church, Surrey,' A. O. DEACON. Literally, according to the title, a country church, presented in a manner very pleasing, from the effective manner of treating it and the objects by which it is accompanied.

No. 402. 'Vessels in the British Navy,' J. WARD. This is a small picture, exhibiting some men-of-war at anchor. It is a work of rare ingenuity in its way; the hulls of these ships being drawn with extraordinary nicety, and every rope of the rigging painted with a delicacy beyond conception.

No. 409. 'At Quimperlé, Brittany,' W. OLIVER. A bridge and a few old houses forming the subject of a small picture. The materials sort well together, and are painted with more of breadth than is found in other works by the same painter; indeed we have before observed that he describes these materials better than any other.

No. 416. 'The English Poet,' W. ESSEX. This is an enamel from a well-known portrait of Lord Byron. It is much larger than such works are generally, and well supports the reputation of this distinguished enamelist.

No. 418. 'Children at a Cottage Door, near Conway, North Wales,' Miss E. GOODALL. These two little figures are painted and circumstanced with a better execution and more knowledge of effect than we are accustomed to see in the works of lady artists; in drawing, colour, and composition, it affords evidences of a good school. The lady is a member of a most accomplished family.

No. 419. 'View in Pompeii, with Vesuvius in the background,' W. COWAN. A work which supplies a very clear idea of a singular and very interesting scene: it is painted with thorough knowledge of the subject, and from careful studies of its peculiarities.

No. 421. 'View of Ben Lomond, from the upper part of Loch Lomond, looking over Macfarlane's Island,' COPLEY FIELDING. The celebrated loch is almost screened from us by the foreground trees, without which this artist rarely paints an oil picture. We have but a glimpse of the islet, and a small fragment of distance. The effect is the same we continually see in these works: the foreground is forced by shadow, and throws off a distance of a middle tone.

No. 422. "Thou art false—but thou art fickle," A. EGG. This picture betrays a falling off, if it is to be received as an example of a professed change of style. The subject is a girl having her eyes directed to the spectator and smiling. There is an unbecoming taste in the treatment, which could scarcely be overlooked in even better execution.

425. 'The Moorhen's Haunt,' R. REDGRAVE, A.R.A. Such is the title, but it must be an error: the haunt of the moorhen is not a brook overshaded with pollard willows; it should have been 'The Water-hen's Haunt.' Be it as it may, it is in these small brook scenes that this artist shows a taste and feeling rarely surpassed.

No. 427. 'The Marble Mountains of Carrara, from the Capuchin Convent, Spezzia—Sunset Effect,' E. W. COOKE. On the frame of this picture are the words—"tunc quos à niveis exegit luna metellis;" but this can never account for the extravagant style of the picture. We know the effect well, but this is not only a lamentable failure, but such a one as never had been attributed to this artist, did his name not accompany the title.

No. 432. 'A Triograph,' G. LANCE. Such is the title given to three most brilliant fruit pictures which are enclosed in one frame. The materials are the same as usual—grapes, pines, melons, and various other fruits, painted with a reality that has never been equalled.

No. 438. 'Morning—the Arrival of a Greenland Ship, Shields Harbour,' J. W. CARMICHAEL. This is a subject often painted—that is, the mouth of the Tyne Harbour. It is the largest picture we have ever seen from the easel of the artist, and it is not so agreeable as his smaller marine compositions, although painted with every care; and, indeed, with singular fidelity. The view shows the Low Lights, Tynemouth Priory, and part of the South Shields shore.

442. 'Landscape, with Figures and Cattle in a Boat crossing a River,' F. R. LEE, R.A. Another large composition by this artist, in which the objects are according to the title. The trees rise upon the left of the picture, and are painted without any deviation from the confirmed manner of the artist. The sky is loosely put in.

No. 443. 'Scene from Shakspere's "Henry IV."—Lady Mortimer, Mortimer, Lady Percy, Hotspur, Glendower, and Worcester,' F. R. PICKERSGILL. Would that we could see more Art in this vein! The subject is from the first scene of the third act—"First Part of Henry IV.," in which Glendower interprets to his son-in-law, Mortimer, his wife's desire that he should

> "rest his gentle head upon her lap,
> And she would sing the song that pleased him";

and when Hotspur hears the proposal he also rests his head upon Lady Percy. Glendower sits looking at them. Lady Mortimer is singing, and Worcester is still looking at the map. The group of Mortimer and Lady Mortimer is charming: the graceful figure of the former, and the tender expression of the latter, are true to the spirit of the text; but this Hotspur is not the dark and daring Percy of whose impetuosity even his stone chair at Alnwick bears the marks; he is in armour, grouped with Lady Percy. Although Shakspere puts quips in his mouth, it had yet been more consistent to have given a cast of severity to his features. The picture, notwithstanding, has merit of a very high order: it is one of the few passages of history contained in the Exhibition; and has, therefore, been consigned to an evil place in the Institution.

Nos. 446, 448. 'Flowers,' by Mrs. HARRISSON. Painted with much exact and minute attention to Nature.

No. 451. 'Frost Scene—Horse-ferry, near Conham, on the Bath River,' C. BRANWHITE. A picture of a subject similar to that exhibited under this name last year; but, although not wanting in careful execution, yet falling short of that work in interest and truth. The ice is broken to admit of the passage of the boat; the water is happily described, but with more of the ripple than could occur in a space so circumscribed; on the right are a village church, a group of pines and other trees—these forming a passage of much beauty. The sky is reddened, whence is obtained a warm tint on the snow. From what we see of the productions of this artist it is to be apprehended that he will work in ordinary subjects nearly up to the tone of his snow pictures.

No. 452. 'Horses frightened by a Dog,' HARRY HALL. A small picture in which the animals are galloping in an open field pursued by a cur. The little picture is agreeably coloured, and spirited in execution.

No. 453, 'Red Deer,' C. HANCOCK. A small picture showing some deer, one of which, a stag, is on a slight elevation, so as to throw him in relief against the sky. It is prettily painted—very much like all deer pictures.

No. 456. 'Scene in Lochabar,' R. R. M'IAN. This is a cottage interior, in which appear two effects. There are two figures, the nearest of which represents a Highlander asleep, upon whom the light falls from a window in a manner to confer on the figure a substance and reality most happily imitated from Nature. The other figure may be his wife: she is diligently occupied in another apartment (seeing that the mansion consists of what is called in Lowland "a but and a ben"), where the smoke rises from the hearth and so envelops her as to render her person somewhat indistinct. This effect also is rendered with as much felicity as the other.

No. 457. 'Crossing the Brill Bar—Squally Evening,' J. WILSON. We have never crossed the Brill Bar, and should be diffident of doing so in a craft like this—a Belgian pilot, or fisherman, thrashing through a head sea, and shipping seas heavy enough to wash all hands off the deck. This artist is the stormy petrel of our exhibitions—for such always are the effects to which his name attaches.

No. 460. 'Flint Mill on the Trent, Staffordshire,' F. W. HULME. A scene peculiarly English, painted with much care and with evident truth.

No. 461. 'Venus relieving Love,' E. HOPLEY. It would be difficult to guess by what accident this picture was placed in the gallery.

No. 463. 'A Carp Pond—Kent,' SIDNEY R. PERCY. A small composition, brought forward under a stormy effect. Another picture, by the same artist, is No. 465, 'On the Thames, near Wargrave.' Both are forcibly painted.

No. 467. 'The Young Gleaner,' T. EARL. A girl, standing beneath a tree, with the results of her industry under her arm. The picture seems to have been carefully painted; and hence it is the more surprising that the head should be so disproportioned to the figure, being so much too large.

No. 468. 'An Outward-bound Indiaman coming to a Anchor off Dover—blowing hard,' T. S. ROBINS. This is a large picture, in which is observable more timidity than we find in the

water-colour productions of the artist. She is a fine vessel—looking quite new, and certainly not deep enough for a laden ship. We catch here a glimpse of the Castle, and judge it is intended she should drop her anchor somewhere abreast the jetties; in such a position, and "blowing hard," her anchors would come home, because that wind, which is in the teeth of outward-bound ships, rolls in such a sea here that she could not hold her own—must run for the Downs. There is no truth in this "blowing hard."

No. 469. 'An Irish Peasant Family discovering the Blight of their Store,' D. MACDONALD. There is much power manifested in the conception of this picture; the subject is not exaggerated; but the female figure is not in an Irish dress.

No. 473. 'Travellers Resting,' W. SHAYER. The same gipsy figures which have been, time out of mind, the willing creatures of the hand of this painter; and, under the shade of the same trees, they and we have stood in every exhibition for the last ten years. There is, however, on the left of this picture, a group and a glimpse of landscape much superior to the usual manner of the artist.

No. 474. 'The Triumphal Entry of Leo the Tenth into Florence,' J. STEPHANOFF. The subject is from "Roscoe's Life of Leo the Tenth," and is in everything different from the known style of this painter. It is a processional composition—that is, a long picture, in order to show as many as possible of those who assisted at the reception: being cardinals, bishops, ambassadors, guards, ecclesiastics of all ranks, and all the magistracy of the city; and by all these is the famous Pope, or, as we may call him here in his native place, Giovanni de' Medici, preceded and surrounded. But we recognise no feature of *Firenze la Bella*, save the Fountain of the Centaur. The picture is carefully painted, and full of elaboration.

No. 479. . . . . H. O'NEIL. A title is withheld from this picture, but it may be called 'The Two Marys at the Tomb of the Saviour,' according to the 27th chapter of St. Matthew—"And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre." The subject has been the source of many beautiful pictures (we mean modern works); but this will not be reckoned among their number—for the two principal figures (one especially) are treated in defiance of all good precedence, as they stand in relief against a dark background of the rock, as if cut out and pasted on to the canvas. The flesh-painting is extremely thin and timid, and the drawing wants grace and character. We *see in the distance* the three crosses: now, this is an error according to general acceptation; for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is believed to cover the very spot where Christ was crucified and buried. The rock of Calvary (so called by the monks) is only a few paces from the sepulchre.

No. 480. 'Plymouth Sound—Ship hove to,' W. GALSWORTHY. A section of this picture is prettily executed—those passages on the left, containing the boat making for the ship; but the composition is, as a whole, one of little interest, because the principal object, the ship, is—perhaps accurately—but feebly painted.

No. 485. 'The First Death,' E. B. MORRIS. This is a large composition, presenting three life-sized figures—Adam and Eve lamenting over the body of Abel. The subject of the work is sufficiently clear, but we cannot discover in it any of those qualities which should stand forward in an ambitious theme like this.

No. 486. 'Isola Palmaria—Ponto Venese, Gulf of Spezzia,' G. E. HERING. From a broken, rocky, and picturesque foreground, occupied by a goatherd and his care, the eye traverses the gulf and rests upon the opposite island. The work has less of material than is generally found in the works of this artist, but that of which it does consist is rendered with all the sweetness of his best pictures.

No. 487. 'Scene on Sevenoaks Common, looking over Knole Park, Kent,' COPLEY FIELDING. All the oil pictures exhibited by this gentleman have but one principle of composition—foreground trees with a glimpse of distance. This differs not from the others, and nothing offers such a striking contrast as do these works to the perhaps too great breadth of his water-colour drawings.

No. 488. 'Interior of a French Kitchen—Brittany,' E. A. GOODALL. One of those small interiors in which this artist eminently excels. It is the *cuisine* of a good solid *maison bourgeoise*; a little more bustle and confusion, and it might be the kitchen of the Hotel d'Espagne, at Lisieux; or, deeper and deeper still, that of the Cheval Blanc, at Honfleur.

No. 491. 'On the Thames—Moonlight,' A. GILBERT. This is an effect very successfully developed. The immediate foreground is shaded by pollard willows, through the foliage of which the moon is partially seen, and beyond these trees the utmost degree of light falls—the rest of the objective lying in a subdued light. The picture is one of an excellent class; it is full of promise.

No. 492. 'Scene on Ben Nevis,' R. R. M'IAN. This, like the other picture under the same name, is an effect—it shows two figures, one lighted by, and the other opposed to, the light of a fire; the former has been most advantageously studied, being lighted so as to bring it substantially forth from the deep shadows by which it is surrounded.

No. 493. 'Near Queen Mary's Bower,' J. D. WINGFIELD. A very great merit in the works of this artist is the attention given in them to costume—whatever period he assumes, we find there is a consistency throughout his groups, which enables the spectator at once to determine the period to which he alludes—and this is a quality which we would gladly see more widely diffused. The figures are graceful and well coloured.

No. 494. 'On the Coast of Yorkshire—Evening,' A. CLINT. It is not the objective so much as the effect that is here interesting. A rocky cliff leads the eye from the near part of the picture into distance, where it fades in the soft light of the evening sky—a style of subject which this artist has painted with much success.

No. 499. 'On the River Maas,' J. HOLLAND. This is much the best of the Dutch subjects that have appeared under this name. The near breadth of the picture is water, extremely well painted. A boat is rowed down the stream by two Dutch women, and on the bank of the river are windmills, trees, houses, &c.—all contributing interest to the composition.

No. 500. 'The Orphan Boy,' T. BARKER. A production of the old school, when its members were not ashamed to paint as well as they could in imitation of one Rembrandt Van Rhyn. With asphaltum and white, this artist seems as independent as Van der Velde with his black and white.

No. 505. 'Portia,' H. BOUGHTON. A head and bust, evidently portraiture; but very clean in colour, and broad in the method of laying in the colour.

No. 506. 'Lord Northwick's Picture Gallery at Thirlestane House, Cheltenham,' R. HUSKISSON. A rich and beautiful picture, exhibiting a section of the gallery of a nobleman whose name ranks among those of the most liberal patrons of Art. So well are the valuable pictures represented in this comparatively small composition that we recognise at once the productions of the Italian schools, a Claude, or a Wilson, Reynolds, Danby's 'Wood Nymph,' &c. &c. This picture is singularly rich in positive colour.

No. 512. 'Salmon Trap—Scene in North Wales,' J. WILSON, Jun. A larger composition than we remember to have seen under this name. The materials are of that picturesque character for which Wales is so distinguished—a stream, a mill, trees, and other near objects—all embosomed in hills, and brought forward under the sober aspect always seen in the productions of this artist.

No. 513. 'The Evening Bell,' J. ZEITTER. The same idea has originated a popular German print; but the subject requires explanation. It is, we presume, the *Angelus*, which in Catholic countries admonishes the devout of their evening adorations. A crowd of figures appear here in a ferry-boat very richly coloured, and more free in style than usual—a material advantage; it must, however, be observed that the perspective is objectionable—little being cared for save the relief of the immediate mass.

No. 516. 'Fruit and Flowers,' H. REEKERS. If a comparison is made between this picture and the works of Lance, we shall soon discover its inferiority in every part: it is bad in colour; ill pencilled, excepting a partly-peeled lemon; not the least of brightness and freshness; the grapes and peaches wanting the bloom of Nature. The picture is the property of M. Nieuwenhuys; and here, also, is the name on a similar tablet to the one of Schelfhout; and the price put upon this picture is actually £150.

No. 518. 'The Edge of the Forest, Fontainebleau,' W. E. DIGHTON. The substance of this picture is of that slight character which requires judicious treatment to create interest; and this it is whence the material derives its eminent force. The view is open—a wild, rugged foreground, with the forest in the distance; the whole most appropriately accompanied by a showery sky, and rendered with much truth and originality.

No. 534. 'Heidelberg, on the Neckar,' G. C. STANFIELD, Jun. This is a picture which has been in every part most carefully studied and judiciously worked out. High on their imposing site are the ruins of the Palace of the Electors of the Palatinate, and at the base of this site is the town, the bridge, and the river which occupies the breadth of the canvas. All the objects, from their careful graduation, are made to keep their places with admirable nicety, and the diversity of light and shadow affords a highly agreeable effect.

No. 536. 'A Young Herdsman and his Dogs—View near Lochness,' T. WOODWARD. The boy and the dogs are sufficiently characteristic, but the whole picture is sunk by the heavy purple mountain side against which they are relieved.

No. 537. 'Waiting for the Squire,' H. JUTSUM. The waiting is performed by a boy with a shooting pony, a bloodhound, a deerhound, and a greyhound; the hall is seen in the distance, and the left of the picture is occupied by a group of trees painted with more of that truth which is too often sunk for the sake of breadth. In this instance we see into the depths of the foliage, trace its various divisions in their gradations of light and shadow; and the eye is satisfied that here Nature has not so much yielded to manner. The touch is rich and full, and the whole is distinguished by the particularly clear method of this artist.

No. 540. '"On the margin of Zurich's fair waters"—Market Boats with saints' sails,' J. B. PYNE. This is the first picture exhibited by this artist since his visit to Italy, in which the waters of Zurich are painted with a sheen as bright as the sunniest streams that have ever flowed over his most successful canvases as representations of those of our own country. Italy has done and undone much, but we think the sterling principles of this painter cannot falter. We have here a view of the lake, with quays and boats and figures on the left; the boats with saints' sails are yet some distance from the shore, and are so entitled from bearing representations of the Virgin, saints, &c. The picture has all the atmosphere, breadth, and brilliancy which give such value to the works of its accomplished author.

No. 541. 'Adrian Van de Velde at a Farmhouse,' E. TSCHEGGENY. A libel on this great painter's name, for surely so dismally coloured a picture of cattle never was produced by him. The figures have no composition of subject; and the *ensemble* is painted with such impure tints, and such woolly execution, as to be absolutely inferior to cattle pieces by Van Worrell. This also belongs to M. Nieuwenhuys; price £80.

SCULPTURE.

No. 547. 'Leander'—statue in marble, W. CALDER MARSHALL, A.R.A. A small two-feet figure, exhibiting the subject as just having swam the Hellespont and landed on the rocks below the bower of his mistress, to which he may be supposed as looking up. The figure is admirably modelled, but scarcely reaches, in *finesse* and elegance of proportion, the Leander of Hero—the Leander of the poets.

No. 549. 'Boar and Dogs,' B. SANGIOVANNI. In these animals is preserved all the spirit which distinguishes the works of this artist; they are effectively grouped—one dog under the boar, another upon him—all respectively defined with a nicety that can result only from long practice in this department of Art.

No. 550. 'Puck,' T. WOOLNER. A small figure in plaster, and perhaps the most successful impersonation we have yet seen of this prince of English elves. He has alighted on a mushroom, and is gently, with his right foot, wakening a toad—thus saving it from a snake, which was about to seize upon it. The model of this figure is of an eccentricity corresponding with the character of the creature; his is not the mere impulse of a child, but there is in his head, features, limbs, and action, a catalogue of mysteries—and here is the success of the artist, whose name is new to us.

No. 555. 'Gems'—by two ladies, HELEN and ELIZA PISTRUCCI, the works being—a 'Head of

Jupiter,' 'Head of a Bacchante,' 'Head of Proserpine,' and 'Head of Diana.' The name of Pistrucci is of acknowledged celebrity in Art; and it must be said that the works of these ladies, in the exquisite delicacy of their execution, worthily sustain its reputation.

No. 556. 'Sappho's Fifth Fragment,' S. J. B. HAYDON. A group of two female figures in marble, one of which is of much grace and elegance. Both figures are entirely draped, the modelling and carving being executed with a generous breadth, which fixes the observation on the deep sentiment which characterizes the composition.

No. 558. 'A Poetic Head,' J. FILLANS. This is the bust of Professor Wilson, of the high merits of which we spoke when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

No. 560. 'Mirth—a Study,' J. DURHAM. Of this head, also, we have spoken before.

No. 561. 'A Group of Orphans,' FELIX M. MILLER. This group is executed in marble; it is a work of a very high order of merit; manifesting careful industry, thought, and matured knowledge of Art. It is, we understand, the work of a young sculptor, who has produced it almost as "a labour of love" for the school in which he was educated, and to which he does honour. We feel assured of his destiny to occupy a prominent position in his arduous profession; in this, his earliest work in marble, he has supplied conclusive proofs of taste, judgment, and power.

We have thus gone carefully through the collection; at greater length than we designed to go, at the commencemnt of our task; but we have been induced to extend it chiefly because we perceive the daily and weekly publications have passed it too hastily by. Assuredly, at a first or even a second glance, the Exhibition is by no means satisfactory; but those who look attentively through it will obtain many proofs of good progress on the part of junior artists, and be by no means disposed to abandon the Gallery in despair.

Alas! that we should be compelled to write of it in terms so qualified: the Institution has the power to render prodigious service to British artists and British Art: to do, in short, that which it aimed to do, when, forty years ago, its first announcement was issued:—to establish upon "*a great and generous scale, and a very extensive basis, for the promotion of the Arts in the United Kingdom,*" an Institution headed by the wealthiest and most enlightened gentlemen of the realm.

That it has dwindled, there can be no doubt: its Directors have either slighted or neglected it: our leading artists keep aloof from it; others consider their fate within its walls a mere matter of chance; there is no person to be held responsible for blunders, or to be thanked for services; the Directors are, in short (high and honourable men though they be), deserting and betraying their trust; interested parties manage its affairs; witness the case of M. Nieuwenhuys; and it is said of one of the Directors that he visited the Gallery to see his own picture placed, and the pictures of one of his friends, and left it to its fate for this season.

These evils are deeply to be deplored: the more especially because they are easy of remedy; among other considerations, although a comparatively trivial one, is this—that the funds arising from the Exhibition are infinitely less than they would be under proper management.

We are weary of these complaints;—complaints such as those that have been uttered by the public Press, by the public generally, and by the Artists almost without exception.

If one or two men of energetic and resolute minds would set themselves earnestly to the work of reforming the British Institution, it would become a fertile source of income—to be expended in promoting the cause of Art; more than this, it would act powerfully in stimulating that public taste which is daily increasing.

The Directors of the British Institution are noblemen and gentlemen who, at least with one or two exceptions, can be swayed by no partialities or prejudices; their object must be—and is—to study how best they can promote the interests of Artists and Art. Yet, from neglect sometimes arises as much mischief as from guilt; and it is beyond question that year after year passes by, and the same grievances continue not only unredressed but uninquired into, if not unknown.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES.

THE COLLECTION OF SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A., ST. JAMES'S-PLACE.

ALTHOUGH the Collection of Pictures which now engages our attention is comparatively limited in extent, yet, by remarkable care of choice, and association with other objects of Art and Antiquity, it offers to the visitor a source of enjoyment scarcely accorded even in our more important Galleries.

Unquestionably much of this may be attributed to the honoured individual whose abode is adorned with so much classic taste: it is impossible for an instant to forget the Poet in the dwelling of his inspirations, or fail to imagine his presence at every turn and step. Pictures, vases, and books are everywhere—offering the treasures of genius in profuse abundance. Wherever the eye is turned it can repose only on productions of intellect of a high order—from the earliest period of artistic invention, through all the gradations of ages and schools down to the present day.

The entrance to the house is in St. James's-place, which, as a street, is a pure example of London dingy and dark-bricked dulness; but once within the portals, the gloom vanishes. Hall, corridor, and staircase are replete, without distracting confusion; everywhere is Art: all parts of the interior are covered and adorned with the purest conceptions of its votaries; every wall and space are pregnant with thought, ideality, and invention.

The house is small; it may be called "a bachelor's nutshell," and is the *beau ideal* for a poetical mind to dwell in. On the first floor is the drawing-room; and, after leaving the commonplace of a London street, what an enchantment do we pass into on entering this apartment! It consists not of pictures alone—they would be a treat anywhere—but a charming prospect from the windows creates the first impression of delight. The vision ranges westward from a small garden attached to the house, over the sweeping, undulating lawn of the Green Park, usually studded with groups of sportive and elegantly-habited children, and their attendants, bounded by aristocratic mansions on the north, the Palace of the Queen on the west, with the trees of the Palace grounds, and on the south by the stately Mall of St. James's Park.

But the interior of this saloon of the Muses! Here is a chimney-piece of the purest Carrara marble, with bas-reliefs and small statues sculptured by the immortal Flaxman; and on the opposite side of the room is a cabinet, or dwarf library, with panels painted by Stothard. What a reproach do these alone convey to our wealthy patrons of Art! We see the choicest and rarest productions of the painter's skill in apartments of mansions where the richest materials of marble are worked into chimney-pieces by stonemasons and carvers of gravestones; or rare and polished woods tortured into the barbaric forms of London upholstery. The same perfect refinement of taste reigns throughout every article of furnitare: all is appropriate, all is the result of thought, under the government of the same feeling for the elegant and the ideal. Beginning on the north side nearest the window, the pictures are placed in the following order in

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

A. SACCHI. 'Christ bearing his Cross.' From the Orleans Gallery; and, on the dispersion of this renowned collection, it passed into the possession of the late Henry Hope, Esq. This is one of the best pictures of the master in England. Dr. Waagen so describes it for composition, depth of colouring, and harmony. The figures are of small size, and the composition represents our Saviour sinking to the earth under the burden of the Cross, with St. Veronica holding the handkerchief after receiving the miraculous impression of the Saviour's divine countenance. Referring to this picture, Barry says:—"It is a very able performance for the great mellowness, harmony, and facility of execution; almost equal to the first efforts of the Venetians." Elsewhere he adds:—"Andrea Sacchi's principles and views in all parts of the Arts were most just and admirable, and there is nothing wrong or reprehensible, but his not having pushed them farther and with more vigour."

MAZZOLINO DI FERRARA. 'Christ disputing with the Doctors.' Lanzi speaks of this elaborate work as the repetition of a picture this artist executed as an altar-piece for a church at Bologna. He presumes this small *replica* to have been acquired by the Cardinal Aldrobandini, when he was the Papal legate in that city, during the lifetime of Mazzolino. This is further confirmed by Mr. W. Y. Ottley having obtained it from the Villa Aldrobandini. The composition of this charming little specimen includes eighteen figures in an architectural scene, and is painted with astonishing solidity of colour.

TITIAN. 'Noli me tangere.' This picture is the great gem of the collection: its size is 3¼ ft. high, and 3 ft. wide. It was formerly at Verona, and originally belonged to the Muselli family. Mons. de Seignelay, being desirous of its possession for his own collection, sent the Sieurs Forest and Alvares to Italy to make the purchase of it from the Signori Cristofero and Francesco Muselli. From M. de Seignelay's cabinet it passed into that of M. Bertin, "*Tresorier des parties casuelles,*" and afterwards into the Orleans Gallery. In the sale catalogue of the latter collection it is set down to have been sold to Earl Gower for 400 guineas; and Mr. Buchanan, in "The Memoirs of Painting," vol. 1, p. 114, published some years after, says it had been in the collection of A. Champernowne, Esq., and was sold in 1828, by Messrs. Christie, after this gentleman's decease. Thus far its history. The subject portrayed is that of Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen in the garden, in the action of saying to the latter, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." Titian has here conceived the figures with a higher character of expression than usually belongs to his works, and which places it for pure feeling and religious pathos much beyond his ordinary achievements. The landscape is of a grandiose character, embellished with architectural structures on a hill, beyond which the sea bounds the horizon with its deep blue tones. A tree behind the figure of our Saviour is carried up to the top of the canvas, and painted with the poetical decision of form that distinguishes the trees in the famous picture of the Peter Martyr. The female figure, kneeling, has the fervour of *abandon* in the posture, while the graceful drawing of the hands becomes worthy of Corregio. The colouring is in the painter's finest manner—clear, bright, and golden, with extraordinary solidity and depth; although it is considered to be one of his earliest performances. Barry, in a few words, expresses his admiration as follows:—"The mellow and glorious union of landscape and history, of the Poussin size, is the completest I have seen, for all and every part."

A. WATTEAU. 'Conversation between a Lady and Gentlemen, in a Garden Scene.'

P. P. RUBENS. 'A Triumphal Procession.' This excellent picture is a free imitation of a similar subject by A. Mantegna, with such variations as the painter chose to interpolate. In the catalogue of Rubens' pictures, taken after his decease in 1650, this is lot 315, and described as a triumphal procession, painted from the designs of A. Mantegna, done on three pieces of canvas, glued to panel. The figures are about Poussin's usual height; and it appears to have been a study Rubens made for himself when he was painting at Mantua, from 1601 to 1607, for the Duke Vicenzio Gonzaga. The original pictures of 'The Triumph of Julius Cæsar,' by Mantegna, now at Hampton Court, then adorned the Ducal Palace, and this subject is a portion with Rubens' own variations. The procession includes a priest attired in scarlet, musicians playing on instruments and leading a white bull, females carrying baskets of flowers, several elephants with gorgeous trappings, and many other subjects. It was formerly in the Balbi Palace, and, on its importation, was retained by A. Champernowne, Esq., until it passed into the hands of the present possessor.

MURILLO. 'St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour.' From Mr. H. Hope's collection: a small example, remarkable for its harmony.

SIR J. REYNOLDS. 'Puck'—seated on a toad-stool.

> "Through the forest I have gone,
> But Athenian found I none
> On whose eyes I might approve
> This flower's force in stirring love."
>
> *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

From the multiplied engravings after this universally-known subject, it calls for no detail of description. As a work of Art it is one of Sir Joshua's most glorious examples, both in execution, luscious impasto of colour, and the *genre* of ideality so peculiarly his own. Fortunately, it remains in a fine state, and is one of those escapes from his tampering of palette of which the number that now remain pure are so limited. It was one of the series expressly painted for Messrs. Boydell, to illustrate "The Shakspere Gallery." In "Taylor's Life of Opie" it is said of him (Opie) that "he had a strong sense of humour, and discovered it when it was not obvious to common minds. I recollect that he noticed with high admiration the attitude in which *Bottom* is placed in Sir Joshua's picture, considering it as an admirable stroke of humour to give *Bottom* a contemplative and philosophic aspect with an ass's head. Multitudes have seen the picture without observing this striking proof of the genuine humour of the great artist."

REMBRANDT. 'An Allegorical Sketch'—having for its subject the triple alliance of the European Potentates to subjugate the Dutch. The composition is crowded with figures and emblems; and entirely painted with brown tints. In the inventory of the effects of Rembrandt van Rhyn, deposited in the office of the Administration of Insolvent Estates at Amsterdam, anno 1656, this picture is called 'An Allegory of the Union of our Country.' Since that period it has been in the possession of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benj. West, P.R.A.

P. P. RUBENS. 'Landscape—a Woody Scene by Moonlight,' in which the painter has ventured upon the very unsatisfactory notion of representing the stars illuming the horizon by colour. There is an engraving by Bolswert of the subject. Sir Joshua Reynolds alludes to this picture in his "Discourses," at which time it was in his possession. It has since successively belonged to the Earl of Besborough, W. Willett, Esq., and the Earl of Mulgrave.

A. DEL SARTO. 'Head of St. John,' life size. From the Mareschalchi Palace, at Bologna.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. 'The Sleeping Girl.' When this picture was exhibited in 1787, Northcote says, in his "Life of Reynolds," that he and Opie were the managers for arranging the pictures in that year's exhibition, and that they found great difficulty in placing it, being so powerful in its effect as to seem to annihilate every picture around it. There is a repetition of the subject in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Bowood.

R. WILSON. 'Landscape—an Evening Effect,' treated much like Rembrandt.

CORREGIO. 'The Holy Family,' a reposo: from the Orleans Collection; in the old catalogue of which no purchaser is named. Probably this was occasioned by the hesitation of the *cognoscenti* of the period to admit the validity of its being attributed to Corregio. Barry says, "this picture has a great deal of excellence." He possibly could not enter into a higher feeling than the mere academical execution, or the theoretical contrivances of Art; but much more than these are required to appreciate and understand the captivating charms of this great artist. The objection to some disproportions in the drawing of the Virgin and St. Joseph is the foundation which has originated the doubt of its authenticity. Corregio was the disciple of Nature, the pupil of no master, the student of no academy; but formed his conceptions in comparative obscurity; and the natural inference follows, that the mind was far in advance of the hand. In the small picture now before us there is an elegant and original fancy, a magical harmony in the blending of the lights and shades, riveting the attention with wonder at the undefined and mystical emanations of the whole. In Haydon's "Lectures on Painting and Design," p. 272, are the following remarks on the picture, by this vigorous though rather *brusque* writer:—"The feeling for a surface cannot be taught: it is intuitive, and is visible in the very first essay. Mr. Rogers has one of the very earliest pictures of Corregio, and his rich surface is visible throughout. From its awkward drawing and childish disproportion it has been doubted, but it need not. All that Nature gave him is there budding: all that he acquired of course could not be found. It is a genuine and curious specimen; and he who doubts it has no perception in Art."

ANNIBAL CARACCI. 'The Coronation of the Virgin.' Formerly in the Aldrobandini Palace. From the great artistic skill here displayed, this capital performance may rank as one of the most important of the painter's pictures in this country. The composition represents the Holy Virgin seated between God the Father and the Divine Saviour of Mankind, with groups of angels playing on various musical instruments, and numerous seraphic spirits floating in the dazzling light of heaven. The picture is nearly five feet long, by four feet high; the figures are necessarily of small proportion for so extensive a combination upon this limited space: an advantage is consequently given to display the most careful treatment of every part. The most prolific fancy, united with unassuming simplicity, and imbued with a deep study of Corregio, are here combined with the happiest success.

GIORGIONE. A small full-length figure of 'A Knight in Armour.' Previously possessed by Mr. West, and executed in a full, rich, and glowing tone. Although no one can mistake the Venetian school in which this picture is painted, yet Mrs. Jamieson, in page 395 of "Companion to Galleries," says it has been attributed to Raffaelle!

RAFFAELLE. 'The Virgin and Child.' Purchased from the Orleans Gallery by G. Hibbert, Esq., and from the latter gentleman by Henry Hope, Esq. Engraved by Flipart. It is painted in the second manner of Raffaelle, at the early period of his residence at Rome. The Virgin has the eyes cast downwards; the Infant, standing, leans on the Divine Mother, who supports him by one hand placed under the left foot, the other placed round his waist. The original cartoon, drawn with black chalk, was brought to England recently by Mr. Dominic Colnaghi, and a full-sized lithographic facsimile was published of it by him.

DOMENICHINO. 'Landscape.' A small picture, known as 'The Bird-catchers.' From the Borghese Palace.

BASSAN. 'Lazarus and the Rich Man.'

REMBRANDT. 'A Forest Scene, with sunset effect.' From the collection of Benjamin West, P.R.A.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. 'The Strawberry Girl.' This is a picture which the artist himself so much esteemed that he made several repetitions of the subject. Sir Joshua said that it was one of his best works, and that no man could produce more than half a dozen really original subjects in his life, adding, and "this is one of mine." *Vide* "Northcote's Life of Reynolds."

GAINSBOROUGH. 'Landscape.' Painted in the cool grey tones of the mornings of English climate.

We have already noticed the chimney-piece as the work of our admirable sculptor, Flaxman. It has a basso-relievo on each side, representing, one, a Muse with a lyre, and the other Mnemosyne, the myth of Memory. On the mantel-shelf are two small crouching statues of Cupid and Psyche, full of the same graceful feeling which distinguishes the illustrator of Homer and Æschylus. The Cabinet, immediately opposite the fireplace, is adorned with four small pictures by T. Stothard, R.A., of the most elaborate execution, richness of fancy, and bright colouring. The two long and narrow compartments in the upper part are filled with 'The Procession of the Canterbury Pilgrims,' and a companion picture of a Procession composed of the characters in Shakspere's plays. The two front upright panels contain a scene from "Boccacio," and a *fête champêtre*, such as Watteau has often represented, but never equalled in this charming and elegant scene. On a small console is the fine antique head of a youth in Carrara marble, brought by Mr. Fagan from Ostia, where the 'Apollo Belvidere' was found. Besides many Etruscan vases of the purest design, one is particularly distinguishable which represents the goddess Venus, surrounded by her nymphs and Cupid, a beautiful boy with large wings on his shoulders. For elegance of drawing, freedom of outline, grace, and expression, this vestige of antiquity is one of the rarest monuments of antique Art that has ever been discovered among the Attic vases. An antique candelabrum of bronze, found in the sea at Puzzuoli, for free and graceful design, belongs to the epoch when the perfection of form was attained. There are many other gems of *vertù*, such as antique gold ornaments, miniatures, and carvings, each in itself a remarkable rarity of captivating interest.

THE ANTE-ROOM

Is a corridor leading from the Drawing-room to the Library. Among other objects of interest, there is a vase from Agrigentum, representing a marriage or initiation, as well as many others from the same place and Vulci; a lion, in calcareous stone, brought from the Thebaide by Mr. Bassegio; a colossal head of Nepthys, in red granite, with an hieroglyphic inscription; and a small idol, in black basalt: both these also found in the Thebaide by the same gentleman, and purchased of him, at Rome, by Mr. Rogers. Besides, here are placed the following three pictures:—

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. 'View from his House on Richmond-hill.' Certainly a curious aberration, with some good artistic management of colour, but directly opposed to all ordinary notions of representing this elegant and far-famed landscape scene.

TITIAN. 'La Gloria di Tiziano.' This picture is so called from an inscription of "Gloria in excelsis Deo," which is on the large engraving of it by Cornelius Cort. It has also been called 'The Apotheosis of Charles V.,' 'The Last Judgment,' and 'Il Paradiso.' It is the original sketch, which is in Mr. Rogers's collection, of the large picture formerly in the Escurial, and now in the Museum of the Prado, at Madrid. By tradition we are informed that the composition owes its origin to a dream of Charles V., in consequence of which he commanded Titian to paint the subject, and it was placed by the Emperor in the Monastery of St. Geronimo de Justé, whither he retired, after his abdication from sovereignty, to end his days. The religious allegory is intended to represent, according to Vasari, that the sovereign, having attained the pinnacle of power and glory, wished to prove to the world that he renounced its vanities, and desired to close his life with Christian humility, occupied alone with working his own salvation. The composition represents the Emperor and Empress kneeling and laying aside their crowns in presence of the Trinity, the Holy Virgin, St. John, and a crowd of saints and patriarchs. The execution is excellent, and of a full and rich deep tone of colour.

GAINSBOROUGH. 'A Landscape, with Shipping and Cattle.' A picture which becomes remarkably luminous in a subdued light.

THE LIBRARY.

LESLIE. 'Edward V. and his Brother in the Tower the night before the fatal crime.'

HEMLING, or HEMMELINCK. 'The Virgin and Child, in a Gothic niche.' Exquisite for finish and colour.

. . . . 'The Ascension'; a small picture, by a painter of the Ferrarese school.

TITIAN. Head of an elderly man, believed to be his own portrait, and certainly resembles his recognised likeness.

SIR J. REYNOLDS. 'Cupid and Psyche': life-size figures. Psyche, holding a lamp, bends over the sleeping Cupid.

HEMMELINCK. His own portrait, in the dress of a patient in the Hospital at Bruges. Engraved in Passavant's "Description of the Collections in England."

HAYDON. A small repetition of 'Napoleon on the Rock,' from the life-size picture at Drayton Manor.

HOLBEIN. 'Head of a Gentleman,' small.

CANALETTI. 'View of a Church in Venice.'

FARRIER. 'Going to School.'

FRA. ANGELICO. 'Salome dancing before Herod.' A curious specimen of this very early painter.

DRAWINGS.

J. M. W. TURNER. 'Stonehenge.'

WILKIE. 'A Spanish Senorita, with a Nurse of the Asturias.'

By RAFFAELLE there are two: one is the celebrated 'Entombment,' in pen and ink, from the Crozat Collection; and the other, in red chalk, is 'The Madonna, Child, and St. John,' resembling in composition the picture known as 'La Madonna del Cardellino.'

A study in black chalk, by MICHEL ANGELO, of a seated figure, which is engraved in Ottley's "Italian School of Design."

By A. DEL SARTO. 'A Young Man carrying a Load,' as well as some of great interest by other masters.

But one of the greatest rarities here is a miniature of the most finished execution and

richness of invention. A knight is represented clothed in golden armour and kneeling, in a landscape. God the Father, surrounded by cherubims, appears in the upper part; and in the lower part, the damned are suffering the torments of perdition. A series of forty of these miniatures were executed for Maitre Etienne Chevalier, Treasurer of France under Charles VII., by Jean Fouquet de Tours, of which this is one of the choicest specimens.

In the midst of the luxuries of Art and elegancies of Literature, in a Poet's library, what fitter Sanctum could exist to display, framed and glazed, the original document signed by John Milton, conveying the copyright of the immortal "Paradise Lost" for the sum of five pounds. The first edition is also in the library; and among the curiosities, not the least interesting, is a sketch and memorandum book, filled by Sir Joshua Reynolds during his tour in Italy.

THE DINING-ROOM.

SIR J. REYNOLDS. 'A Girl with a Bird in her Hand.'

REMBRANDT. His own portrait.

TINTORETTO. 'The Miracle of St. Mark'; from Mr. Ottley's collection. This is a small finished sketch of the great picture, considered to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the painter, which he executed for the Scuola di San Marco. For fulness of animation and *furore* of pencil, this is a magnificent proof of his extraordinary facility and brilliancy.

CLAUDE. 'Landscape, with a Piping Shepherd and his Flock—in the distance a Mill.' Of octagon form, and a perfect gem of pastoral tranquillity. Formerly in the collection of Mr. West, and No. 11 of the "Liber Veritatis."

L. CARACCI. 'The Virgin and Child, with six Saints.' An elegant picture replete with grace; there is a repetition of it at Bowood. Mr. Rogers purchased the one he possesses at Bologna.

RAFFAELLE. 'Our Saviour on the Mount'; from the Orleans Collection. Although this small picture is in the formal manner of Perugino, it is not deficient in the higher attainments which became the distinguishing characteristics of the greatest of painters. The subject forms one of the small compartments of the *predella* of an altarpiece which was at Perugia. From the vagueness of the various writers on the works of Raffaelle, it is difficult to say whether it was part of the altarpiece painted for the nuns of St. Antony, or that of the Famiglia Ansidei. Mr. De Quatremère is not very explicit in his "Life of Raffaelle"; nor has Mr. Hazlitt, the translator, in the last edition published in "Bogue's European Library," taken any pains to rectify the erroneous catalogue, or indicated the changes of possession of many pictures which have occurred since M. de Quatremère's book was written.

VELASQUEZ. 'The Prince of the Asturias, Don Balthazar, when six years old, on horseback.' There are two other pictures of this subject in England, one at Dulwich, and the other possessed by the Marquis of Westminster. Although to a mediocre connoisseur the background would appear unfinished, yet, as the harmony is perfect, and Velasquez treated so many fine works in a similar manner, it is more than probable he thought enough was done for completion of the subject.

M. POUSSIN. 'Landscape—the Campagna of Rome.' From the collection of Mr. Champernowne.

DOMENICHINO. 'Infant Christ,' from Mr. West's collection.

R. P. BONINGTON. 'The Turk,' seated, with a pipe. So little were the French amateurs capable of appreciating this vigorously coloured little picture, that Bonington never found a purchaser for it, although he had got so tired of its remaining on hand that he offered it for 50 francs (£2) in vain, in Paris. At the sale of his works, after his decease, it was purchased by Sir T. Lawrence for seventy guineas, and at the latter gentleman's sale was obtained by Mr. Rogers.

C. D'ARPINO. 'A Warrior mounted on horseback,' from Sir J. Reynolds's collection.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT. 'Conway Castle,' a landscape, adorned with figures by Sir D. Wilkie.

P. P. RUBENS. 'Landscape—Woody Scene with Figures.' From the collection of the Marquis of Camden.

GIOTTO. The fragment of a fresco representing St. Paul and St. John. Executed about 1295, in the Church of the Carmelites at Florence. This small part of the whole composition, which is fully engraved by Patch, was brought to England by Mr. Townley, who obtained it when the church was repaired after a fire in 1769, and the remainder of the frescoes were destroyed. We find it in this collection a work of extreme curiosity and interest, possessing, as we do, so few authentic examples of the ancient school of Italy in England.

G. POUSSIN. 'Landscape.'

. . . . A frame containing twelve ancient miniatures of illustrious persons, among others, Queen Elizabeth, by Holbein.

DOMENICHINO. 'Landscape, with Apollo and Marsyas.' From Mr. West's collection.

BAROCCIO. 'The Madonna del Gatto.' A repetition of the subject by this painter in the National Gallery. From the Salviati Palace, Rome.

N. POUSSIN. 'The Adoration of the Shepherds.' From the collection of Lord Radstock. A capital and harmonious picture.

PAUL VERONESE. 'Mary Magdalen anointing the Feet of our Saviour.' A repetition, on a smaller scale, of the large picture which is in the Durazzo Palace, at Genoa. It was in the collection of Henry Hope, Esq., and purchased at his sale, in 1816. Gorgeous and brilliant in colour, it is an admirable example of the Venetian gaiety of representation of sacred subjects.

BASSAN. 'The Good Samaritan.' From Sir J. Reynolds's collection.

RUBENS. 'The Evils of War.' From the Balbi Palace, and afterwards in the collection of A. Champernowne, Esq. This small picture is of the highest excellence and beauty: the female forms, for this master, are drawn with unusual grace. There is a large picture of this subject now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, which was painted for the Grand Duke Ferdinand, in the year 1605, of which this appears to be a small finished study.

T. STOTHARD, R.A. 'The Blessings of Peace'—a picture which is a kind of companion to the last-named one of 'The Horrors of War,' by Rubens. However absurd it would be to place our countryman on a level with the mighty Fleming, still we may be allowed the vanity of saying that he has painted a brilliant and meritorious work which does honour to the English school.

GUERCINO. 'The Madonna and Infant Saviour.' From the Borghese Palace, Rome.

GUIDO. 'Head of our Saviour crowned with Thorns.' From Mr. West's collection, and well known by a beautiful engraving by W. Sharp. No transfer of the subject is, however, capable of imparting the sublimity of sorrow in this divine head, which is a perfect work of the master, and painted in his best or silvery manner.

On a pedestal in this apartment is an antique marble vase, with ornaments of the most delicate sculpture. On the sideboard is placed a terra-cotta bust of Pope, by Roubiliac, of which Sir R. Peel possesses the marble one in his gallery at Drayton Manor. On the mantel-shelf are two small statuary marble busts of Nero and Caligula; and on a stand, in a corner of the room, the small model, in terra-cotta, formed by Michel Angelo, of the seated figure of Duke Lorenzo di Medici, which is executed in marble, and placed in the Church of San Lorenzo, at Florence: it came from the collection of Mr. Lock, of Norbury Park. On the pedestal we spoke of, and on the sideboard, are some unimportant ornamental carvings in mahogany, of singular curiosity from having been done by Sir Francis Chantrey, in 1803, when he was employed as a journeyman-carver by one Bogaert, a German cabinet-maker, at the wages of five shillings daily. Sir Francis, in this humble capacity, came to Mr. Rogers on his master's business at this time. Many years afterwards, when his celebrity was established, and he visited, as a friend and a guest, he addressed him (Mr. Rogers) saying: "Do you remember a workman who came in at that door to receive your orders? *I was that workman*"! Such are the transitions of genius.

IN THE FRONT BEDROOM.

. . . . 'The Virgin, with Saints and Angels.'

T. STOTHARD, R.A. 'The Victor's Triumph.'

SIR J. REYNOLDS. A Landscape.

GAINSBOROUGH. Copy of Titian's 'Cornaro Family.'

. . . . Landscape, with figures.

RAFFAELLE. Cartoon of part of the figures from the picture in the Louvre of 'The Holy Family, with the Angel strewing Flowers,' painted for Francis I.

. . . . 'Virgin and Saints' (antique).

. . . . Head of an Evangelist.

. . . . Small procession.

. . . . Antique head of a gentleman with a black cap.

FRANCIA. 'Coronation of the Virgin.'

STEENWYCK. 'Interior of a Church.'

TITIAN. 'Charles V. on horseback.' Study from the life-size picture in the Royal Collection at Madrid.

T. STOTHARD, R.A. Scene from "Gil Blas."

BASSAN. 'The Nativity.'

T. STOTHARD, R.A. 'The Triumph of Amphitrite.'

D. TENIERS. 'Peasants smoking in a Cabaret.'

DOMENICHINO. 'Landscape, with Tobit and the Angel.'

F. MOLA. 'Reposo, with Angels worshipping.'

P. NEEFS. 'Interior of a Church by lamp light.'

PARMEGIANO. 'The Virgin and Child'—figures of life size, three-quarter length; replete with the elegant drawing of the master, although but loosely painted.

T. STOTHARD, R.A. 'A Fête Champêtre.'

. . . . 'A Tournament.'

PRUD'HOMME. An historical subject.

LESLIE. 'A Mother teaching her Child to read.'

SIR G. BEAUMONT. A Landscape.

T. STOTHARD, R.A. 'Rustic Courtship.'

TITIAN. 'Samson and Delilah.'

T. STOTHARD, R.A. 'Cupid Bound.'

. . . . 'Calton Hill.'

BACK BEDROOM.

VELASQUEZ. 'A Spaniard,' half length and life size, represented in profile and smoking. From the collection of R. Westall, R.A.

ROBERT HANNAH. 'Confidence,' engraved.

. . . . The companion 'Diffidence,' idem.

F. SNYDERS. 'Dead Game'; a lobster in a dish, and other objects. From the Altamira Gallery, Madrid.

JACKSON, R. A. 'Portrait of the late T. Stothard, R.A.'

T. SULLY. 'Portrait of her Majesty.' Painted by the American artist in 1838, and presented to Mr. Rogers.

R. S. FUSELI. 'A Witch.'

UPPER BEDROOM.

S. ROSA. 'Jasa destroying the Dragon.' From the collection of W. Y. Ottley, Esq.

IN THE HALL.

CLAUDE. A large landscape seen through the portico of a palace. It was in the Orleans Collection, and the only picture bearing the name of this master it contained. Barry speaks with great praise, as being quite worthy of the name it bears; but it is by no means a capital work of the painter, even if it were an authentic performance.

Independently of the ready and frequent access we have enjoyed by the kind proprietor's liberality to view at leisure every apartment and object in this Temple of Taste, for which our earnest thanks are offered, we have, besides, the gratifying announcement to make, that permission is most readily granted, upon a written application, to all persons whose rank and position justify the request, to view the house and its contents daily, during fine weather, after two o'clock in the afternoon.

RESTORATION OF THE ADORATION OF THE 'MAGI,'

By MORUS MORBELS,

In the Church of St. Katharine, at Malines.

WHENEVER Rubens, whilst residing at his château at Steen, passed through Malines, he would order his carriage to stop in the Rue d'Anvers, opposite to the street called "den Neerheemd," in which Peter Huens, the clerk of the small Church of St. Katharine, inhabited the house known as "'t Schaliën-huys'; and the latter, having obeyed the welcome summons to open his church to the distinguished visitor, Rubens would, sometimes for hours together, remain in admiring contemplation before the altar-piece of the Vir-

gin, a picture representing 'The Adoration of the Magi,' with which the artist, Morus Moreels, a native of the parish, had presented the church in the year 1615. The trouble and patience of honest Peter Huens were each time duly rewarded: a guinea pressed into his hand by Rubens, on stepping back into his carriage, denoting at once his princely liberality and the never-failing gratification which the seigneur of Steen derived from his repeated visits to the picture of Moreels. Such is the tradition handed down from curate to curate, and from clerk to clerk, of the Church of St. Katharine to the present occupant of 't Schalien-huys, who will repeat to the curious traveller with a significant sigh, half resigned, half hopeful, at "the good old times."

A short notice on a work of Art which in so high a degree excited the admiration of the greatest of Flemish painters will, we trust, not prove unacceptable to our readers; particularly as from the neglected state in which the picture has been suffered to continue for nearly a century, and from other causes, its very existence is but little known. True, it is no longer what it must have been in the days of Rubens; it has severely suffered from the unskilful treatment of picture-cleaners, and its harmonious effect, as a whole, has to some extent been spoiled; yet sufficient remains of original force and ancient beauty to maintain its character as a work of Art of the highest order, and amply to repay the time devoted to its inspection.

The subject of the painting, which is on canvas about 20 feet high by 13 feet wide, is, as has already been mentioned, 'The Adoration of the Magi.' Its conception is apocryphal—that is to say, the artist has placed the scene of the birth of our Saviour in a cavern, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem, previous to the arrival of Mary and Joseph in the latter city; an account which, though at variance with both St. Matthew and St. Luke, had gained considerable credence in the early Church, and was received even by some of the old fathers, probably from a desire to embody apocryphally the beautiful idea of the light, Christ, being born into darkness, but which has already by Justin Mart. (Dialog. contr. Tryph. c. 78) been traced to the erroneous translation of Isaiah xxxiii. 16, by the LXX.

In the foreground, on the left, the Virgin, sitting against a tree, holds the infant Jesus in her lap. On them is centred the light, made to fall into the picture from the highest part of the heavens, still illumined by the star which served as a guide to the wise men, whose attendants and beasts of burden darken the entrance to the cave; a high rock, whose overhanging summit is lined with trees and brushwood. One of the Magi, in a costly robe of a rich yellow colour, has prostrated himself before the child, and seems to adore it with profound veneration. He has deposited a golden vessel with myrrh at the feet of the "new-born King." Behind him is seen Joseph on his knees, with folded hands, in a posture of humility witnessing the imposing ceremony. The middle part of the foreground is occupied by the kneeling figure of a youth, with his head bent forward, and whose expression betrays the deepest interest and anxiety at what is passing. On his right appear the two other Magi, awaiting their turn to proffer their homage. The Moorish King, superbly costumed, and attended by his negro pages, holds in his right hand a massive censer of silver, into which the first page is pouring frankincense; whilst the second bears the train of his crimson robe, richly embroidered in gold, and a third negro attendant follows with his crown. Behind him another servant is seen to hold a horse by the bridle. Between the Moorish King and his second companion, who bears in his hand a vase containing gold, the artist has introduced his own portrait, with turned-up moustachios, not, perhaps, so much to be regarded as the custom of the East, than as the fashion among the artists and persons of distinction at that period. He, as well as the figure with whom he is in earnest conversation, seems to belong to the attendants of the Magi. The background of the picture is filled up by a dromedary, a camel and its driver, and an elephant and its rider, the latter, who stands boldly forth against the azure sky, holding in one hand a small iron hook, and with the other touching his cap for the purpose of uncovering himself. A little further, behind the Virgin, are seen two heavily-laden mules; three men, two of whom, half-naked, are busily engaged in disburdening them. The head of the mule in the middle is richly decorated, and adorned with plumes and a shield, in the shape of an escutcheon, charged with three crowned heads and two clubs under them. The arrangement is, in part, not without its defects; and the canvas, owing in a measure to the character of the locality, somewhat over-crowded; before, however, inspecting it more closely, it will be necessary to give an outline of the history of the picture.

Tradition, as we have said before, ascribes 'The Adoration of the Magi' to Morus Moreels (the younger), a native of Malines, who, upon his return home from foreign parts to claim an inheritance, painted the picture in the year 1615, presented it to his parish church of St. Katharine, and, having shortly after left for Italy, was murdered on his road thither by brother artists jealous of his talents. But the painting has also been attributed to his father, Morus Moreels the elder,* and to his several other sons, as well as to Paul Moreelse, a Dutch painter of considerable merit, who was born at Utrecht in 1571, became the pupil of M. Mirevelt, and completed his studies in Italy, whence he returned in 1604, and soon rendered his name celebrated by the full-length portraits of the Count and Countess of Kuylenburg and other persons, all treated in a very superior manner. He died at Utrecht, as mayor of the town, in 1638.

Our picture itself bears unfortunately no monogram, but simply the date of 1615, and the portrait of the artist, in the present case insufficient for identification. There remains, however, little reasonable doubt but that the tradition alluded to may be relied upon as correct. From the specimens of the art of M. Moreels the elder, which were still in existence in the year 1786, and are described by the authors of the "Artistical Promenade," 'The Adoration of the Magi' is, beyond doubt, not the work of his pencil, no more than of that of any of his younger sons. Morus Moreels the younger, and Paul Moreels of Utrecht, are, therefore, left as the only rival claimants to the distinguished place which the painter of the altar-piece of St. Katharine must always occupy in the history of the art. Not a few votes have been given in favour of the latter. Independently, however, of his style and manner being at variance with those characterising our picture, there are two other circumstances which, in our judgment, would seem indubitably to prove that it cannot have been painted by him. The first is, that the small parish of St. Katharine is and always has been too poor to be able to afford the purchase of such a masterpiece from an artist whose works commanded very high prices in his own town and country; and the second is, the still more palpable fact that none of the biographers of the "Bourgmestre-artiste" of Utrecht have ever alluded to a picture as a production of his pencil, which, above all others, would have been calculated not only to spread his fame, but at once to rank him with the most eminent of his profession, and to secure to his name immortal renown.

It is true that Morus Moreels and his 'Adoration of the Magi' are equally in vain looked for in the biographies of the Dutch and Flemish painters by Sandrart, Campo Weyerman, Van Gool, Honbraeken, De Bie, and others; but in his case this omission is readily accounted for by his very short sojourn in the Netherlands, by the small church of St. Katharine being little visited except by the parishioners, and by our picture, as the only work known of the artist in his native place, being, in consequence thereof, unlikely to attract much general attention, particularly at a period when the fame of Rubens stood in its zenith, and his works, by their novel manner of treatment and brilliancy of colouring, almost entirely absorbed the admiration of the contemporary world.

The first work in which we have found the production of Moreels mentioned, is the "Voyage Pittoresque," by Descamps, which appeared in 1768, and thus speaks of it, upon the information of Giles Smeyers, an artist and biographer of Malines (✠ 1771):—"'The Adoration of the Magi,' by Moreels, in the Church of St. Katharine, is a beautiful composition, designed and painted in as beautiful a manner. I have seen the canvas before it was cleaned, varnished, and repainted, and I should hardly have known it again. It has turned so black that it is difficult to discover in it even a few traces of its ancient beauty."

Morus Moreels the younger may therefore confidently be named as the artist whose mastermind created 'The Adoration of the Magi' of St. Katharine. Of his life little is known. He was probably the eldest son of Moreels, the father, and born in 1580 or 1581. At an early age he is supposed to have been sent to his uncle, Peter Stevens, an historical painter of Malines, who had taken up his residence at Prague, and there successfully cultivated the happy disposition of his nephew for his own art. There is reason to believe that, after his death in 1604, young Moreels proceeded to Italy, where he probably continued his studies till family affairs demanded his presence at Malines. It was during this visit that he painted the altar-piece of the Virgin, and soon afterwards his career of further fame and distinction was cut short by the knife of assassins.

That splendid monument of his genius has undergone several restorations. The first was, in 1765, intrusted to C. Van Laer, a person so perfectly unequal to the task that the authors of the "Promenade Artistique" say of him, "Where Van Laer has been unable clearly to distinguish the objects, he has rendered them visible, at his option, by outlines in ivory black, in such a preposterous manner as to revolt even common sense." Six years afterwards the picture was therefore a second time cleaned by J. B. Joffroy, who succeeded in disencumbering it of the daubing of Van Laer. Still it continued to be looked upon as spoiled, and this circumstance alone saved it from being, in 1794, with other master works of Flemish Art, carried off to the Louvre. It was, however, on the list of the Commissioners charged by the representatives of the French people with the search for paintings and sculptures in the conquered countries; and, to ensure its ultimate safety, the churchwardens of St. Katharine judged it prudent to take the canvas down and to hide it in the vaults of the church, where it remained till the year 1803, when it was replaced at the altar of the Virgin, after having undergone a third process of cleaning by Suetens. Subsequently it received several coatings of oil, with a view of rendering the objects more distinct; but, quite a contrary effect being produced, the picture remained one mass of film and dirt, in that forlorn state, till, in the early part of the present year, it was placed in the experienced and skilful hands of P. C. Morissens. This artist, who has acquired great note, and follows a process of his own in cleaning pictures, has most effectually succeeded not only in repairing the greater part of the mischief done by his predecessors, but also in restoring to the painting a wonderful degree of its original force and brilliancy.

Still we conceive that he has left his meritorious work more than half unfinished, by suffering the harmony of the whole magnificent composition to remain disturbed, in a painful degree, by the injuries which the principal figures in the picture, the Mother and Child, have received, no doubt from the daubing pencil of Van Laer. Indeed, such is the extent of those injuries, that, with the exception of some few shades about the face and neck of the Virgin, her whole figure has the appearance of being put in by a painter's apprentice, who may be imagined to have handled a brush for the first time in his life. The draperies of themselves are a perfect study, and truly magnificent. Nor is hardly any part of the rest of the picture, down to the most minute particular, out of keeping with those two splendid personages; and looking upon the composition as a whole—always imagining the Virgin and Child what they originally must have been—we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be one of the finest pictures of its class which have ever been painted, worthy to be ranked with the masterpieces of all ages.

For the information of those of our readers whom our present notice may induce, when passing through Malines and viewing its other works of Art, to visit also the small church of St. Katharine, we will add that the altar-piece by Moreels is seen to greatest advantage in the hours of the afternoon, and in a strong light.

* He was a decorative painter and colour merchant, who lived in Den Gulden Helm, a house in the Rue d'Anvers, near St. Katharine, which has been ever since, and still is, inhabited by persons of the same profession.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

CHARTER OF INCORPORATION.

It is with very great pleasure we state that a Charter of Incorporation has been granted to this Society; whose annual Exhibitions in Suffolk-street have, for twenty-three years, been instrumental in promoting the interests of British Art, and whose members have, all of them, manifested industry, and many of them considerable ability.

If, of late years, there has been less evidence of advance than might have been looked for, there can be no doubt that, in placing the Society in a more elevated and dignified position, we obtain the surest guarantee of its progress and improvement; and we trust and believe, also, of its more judicious and liberal conduct. The effects of this Charter cannot be otherwise than beneficial—not alone to the Artists, but to the Arts and to the public.

The circumstances under which the Society have obtained this valuable boon and manifest advantage are briefly these:—

In the spring of 1846, a memorial was prepared, to which was affixed a number of signatures—as well of Artists as patrons of Art—comprising several of the nobility and persons distinguished in the literary and scientific world.

The Memorial to the Queen states the ground on which the Charter was asked. After reciting that for "twenty-three years the Society had painfully and laboriously struggled against great difficulties, now happily surmounted"; and that

"the number of works of Art annually exhibited at the Gallery of the Society has averaged about 840; that the amount of sales has averaged about £2000 annually, and for the last five years more than £4000 annually; and that there have been sold from the Exhibitions 2944 works of Art, whereof 909 were by members of the Society, and 1325 by exhibitors not members, in which latter number, whose works were so sold out of the Society's Exhibitions, are to be found the names of several artists who are now among the most eminent of your Majesty's Royal Academy,"—

the Memorialists add, that

"the success which has attended the efforts of the Society has not only encouraged them to persevere with unabated energy and resolution in continuing to carry out the object for which the Society was originally constituted, but has also induced them to determine on extending the sphere of its usefulness by adding to the Society's present establishment the foundation of a School of Art for providing instruction of the first order, and on the most liberal scale.

"That the objects of the Society would be very essentially promoted and facilitated by the gracious concession to them of your Majesty's Royal Charter of Incorporation, which would better enable them to transact the affairs of the Society; and, when humbly approaching your Majesty to pray for so gracious a grant, the memorialists, with the greatest confidence in your Majesty's justice, wisdom, and benevolence, venture to point to the eminent services the Society has already rendered to the Arts and Artists of your Majesty's kingdom, and to the arduous difficulties they have so perseveringly struggled against; but especially to the important benefit that must result to many of your Majesty's subjects from the contemplated School, which is with great and earnest importunity humbly pressed on your Majesty's gracious notice, since, without the grant of a Charter, the memorialists fear it is impossible for the Society to establish the proposed School with any chance of success."

To the memorial was attached the signatures—some of them by proxy—of 13 peers, 34 members of Parliament, about 50 officers of the army and navy, 18 clergymen, about 150 patrons or friends of Art, and 123 artists and engravers.

Previous to the transmission of the memorial to the Queen, a correspondence took place between Mr. Hurlstone, President of the Society, and Sir M. A. Shee; the former being apprehensive that the project might have been opposed by the Academy; a fear which the result proved to be entirely groundless. Mr. Hurlstone, having intimated his hope and belief that the Society had no reason to anticipate difficulty on this head, was replied to, with his usual courtesy, first by Sir M. A. Shee, and subsequently by the Secretary, to the effect that, while the President and Council of the Royal Academy give the Society of British Artists full credit for the zeal which Mr. Hurlstone, on the part of the Society of British Artists, professes, for the promotion of the Fine Arts in Great Britain, they beg to assure him "that the members of the Royal Academy entertain neither the desire nor intention to interfere with the proceedings of the Society of British Artists, or the proceedings of any other Society of their brother artists, which may appear to be directed to the attainment of so desirable an object, and which may be conducted without prejudice to those objects and interests which the Royal Academy has been especially constituted to guard and uphold."

In May, 1846, the memorial was presented to the late Secretary for the Home Department, Sir James Graham, by a deputation headed by Mr. Wyse, M.P. No answer to the prayer of the memorial having been received when the late Ministry retired, the attention of the present Secretary, Sir George Grey, was called to the subject in September last. The Right Hon. Baronet promptly responded to the prayer of the memorial, and the Charter ultimately had the Great Seal attached on the 3rd of February, 1847. The following is an analysis of the Charter:—

After reciting the establishment of the Society of British Artists in 1823, the first clause incorporates the Society by the name of the Society of British Artists.

2. Declares the purpose of the corporation to be—Aiding, promoting, assisting, and encouraging the study and practice of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architectural designs.

3. Enables the corporation to hold real estate, not exceeding the yearly value of £3,500.

4. Makes the corporate property subject to the liabilities of the Society of British Artists.

5. Precludes from the Society as a member any person not professing and practising the art of painting or sculpture, or engraving, or architectural design.

6. Directs the election—out of the members—for one year, of a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, and two Auditors; and provides for supplying vacancies.

7. Names Mr. Hurlstone as first President; Mr. Pyne, Vice-President; Mr. Stevens, Treasurer; Mr. Hassell, Secretary; and Messrs. Clint and Holland, Auditors.

8. Directs monthly and other meetings.

9. Directs an annual meeting for the election of officers, &c. &c.

10. Provides for calling special meetings by the President, or on the requisition of any five of the members.

11 and 12. Provide for adjourning meetings, and for transacting business at such adjournments.

13. Directs the Chairman to have a casting vote.

14. Provides that all elections and other matters shall be determined by a majority of votes.

15. Provides for the election of members of the Society.

16. Empowers to make by-laws, generally for the regulation of the Society, and especially its Exhibitions; and for supporting a School and lectures for instruction in the Fine Arts, and for making provision for any destitute member, or any destitute widow or orphan of any deceased member.

But the corporation is prohibited from imposing any fine on the withdrawal of any member from the corporation; or from exacting from any member in any one year, as his subscription, or fine, or fines, any sum or sums of money exceeding in the whole £20.

17 and last. Renders the Charter null and void on the number of members becoming reduced below ten.

The Royal grant is introduced as follows—words that are by no means "of course," but which may be accepted as a new proof of earnest determination on the part of the Crown to confide the protection and encouragement of the Arts to the Nation—as a most essential portion of its solemn duty:—

"We, &c., willing that every encouragement be extended freely to all who use their praiseworthy endeavours to aid and promote the Fine Arts in this our realm, and thus to add to the more elevated and refined enjoyments of our loving subjects, have given, granted," &c.

We anticipate the best results from this gracious accord of her Majesty. We believe the Society of British Artists may become an effective and most valuable School of Art; and that, if as yet among its members there be not many men capable of undertaking its highest duties, this difficulty will not much longer exist; there can be little doubt that it will, ere long, rally around it high energies and lofty principles as well as knowledge and ability.

The Society may be satisfied that it will receive public encouragement proportionate to its deserts, and public co-operation commensurate with the wisdom and liberality of its plans; some portion of the former may be demanded before the latter can be fully developed. We trust we may anticipate a course of prudence, generosity, industry, and advanced ability on the part of the Society, and upon its adequate support we may then calculate with assured confidence.

At all events, in its elevated position it will receive augmented power—and with it increased responsibility.

There could be no reason why an Institution connected with the Arts should be regarded differently from one connected with learning, or science, or literature; and therefore there was no greater objection to a new body of artists than to a new college or a new university; and there is the same proportionate increase of demand in respect of the Arts, as of learning, literature, and science, produced by the great increase of population since 1768, when the Royal Academy was founded.

The large number of works annually prevented from being admitted at the Royal Academy and the British Institution show that the labours of another body were demanded.

If it be said that the Society of British Artists have no claim to be regarded otherwise than as traders wishing to expose and sell their manufactures to the best advantage (although so unfair and insulting an observation can hardly be anticipated, since, if at all applicable, it applies quite as much to the Royal Academy), still even to this it may be answered, that a charter is rarely, if ever, refused to trading bodies, even where their objects are purely prospective of mere lucrative returns to themselves. But here, at all events, OTHERS are benefited besides the members—as is shown by the memorial and by conclusive evidence.

The proposed foundation of a School ought to have met—as it has met—with the encouragement of Government. To suppose that what was enough for a School of Art in 1768 is enough for 1846 is absurd.

If any ask, "what *good* is a Royal Charter to the Society?" it may, in return, be fairly asked, "what *good* is the Royal countenance to the Academy?" In each case a stamp of unmistakable, though not easily defined, importance, is the result. The *præsidium et dulce decus*, which the Royal grant confers, may not be answerable by the avoirdupois weights of a mere vulgar huckster, but will not be therefore the less valuable in the estimation of Artists and patrons of Art.

Although the facility for conducting their affairs which the charter confers is by no means a slight or unimportant advantage obtained, still it is really of small moment compared with the honourable impress as a chartered Corporation which the Society now bears. But, moreover, it is impossible to avoid regarding the grant of the Charter as the very best answer that could be given to the ungenerous and sneering attacks which have, from time to time, been made on the Society. For twenty-three years we see a body of artists struggling on, trusting to their own resources, and with indomitable perseverance encountering all the assaults of those persons (alas! too numerous!) whose peculiar disposition it is to assail rather than to aid; to reproach rather than to advise; to discourage rather than to encourage; to destroy rather than to improve. And now, after such an arduous struggle, that the Society should, in spite of the active and open malevolence of some, and the covert (and therefore more dangerous) intrigues of others, be at last strengthened and encouraged by the grant of the Charter is certainly a matter of great congratulation, not merely to the members themselves, but also to all other artists. It must be also a matter of congratulation to all true and liberal patrons of the Arts, and especially to those distinguished individuals who gave their countenance to the Society even when its difficulties had still to be overcome.

The Royal Academy is an anomalous body. It has no charter, and therefore would seem not possessed of the facilities for conducting their affairs incident to a corporation. For all purposes of aggrandisement, they claim royal privileges as a public body; while, for all personal purposes, they insist on their property, their constitution, and their rights being private. Perhaps this is the only instance of a body enjoying the royal favour, and occupying, rent-free, public property, successfully resisting every investigation of their affairs—every attempt to reform their constitution, in accordance with the more enlightened spirit of a more advanced age.

We write this in no illiberal spirit, nor with any view to depreciate the Royal Academy—an Institution in some respects liable to objection, and certainly upon some points needing reform—but to which is, beyond question, due the merit of having sustained and established British Art in its high position. Still less do we desire to institute comparisons between the Royal Academy and the Society of British Artists; the comparison would be that of a boy with a giant.

But we do not hesitate to say that the step obtained by the Society of British Artists will be of essential service to the Royal Academy, and especially so to the public.

OUR TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS.

In the ART-UNION for May we devoted a page of our Journal to the probable effects of Sir Robert Peel's new Tariff upon the Arts and Manufactures of this country. We now purpose to lay before our readers the results of observations upon the various kinds of Textile Fabrics brought into competition, for the first time, with our own manufactures in the home market. The time has gone when an article that pleased one season must of necessity "take" the next; it is to the novelty of their productions, and to the taste displayed in their designs, that our manufacturers must look to maintain, as heretofore, their hold of the home market; not that we have any fear of their ultimately losing ground, but we desire to urge upon them that to their own framing of productions, and to the better appreciation of Art, they must expect to maintain their pre-eminence. We have been led into these remarks by the inspection of many descriptions of the new styles of checked wove materials. These are handloom goods; and though many of them are made of the commonest materials, and for the commonest purposes, yet no person can see them without being struck with the decided superiority of the taste displayed in the combination of the colours over *the same class of goods* produced by our manufacturers. And here we would again enforce the necessity of attention to these "small" matters, even though they be of the lowest quality: for, if it be worth the time of a foreign manufacturer to expend his taste upon such goods, surely the duty is equally incumbent upon an English one.

No person can look back upon the productions of ten years ago, without observing the great advance all our textile manufactures exhibit; but, although much has been done, we venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that it is less than has been done by the manufacturers of Switzerland, France, and Germany, within the same period. In most of the new English goods of the description we are here writing of, that have come under our notice, we recognise in very many, patterns that had a season's run upon the Continent; this is not as it should be: something better than mere copyists our manufacturers ought to aspire to; it is not by producing immense quantities of goods alone that they can command the trade of the world. In many of the foreign markets we know that the better classes depend almost entirely for their dresses upon the manufacturers of Paris and Switzerland; whilst our own goods, from their inferiority of design alone, are used only by the lowest classes. Gaudy, loose-coloured things, whether the article be woven or printed, seem to be thought good enough to maintain the superiority of English artisans; hence arise gluts of foreign markets, and losses to the merchants exporting.

The goods that seem to be most brought into competition with us this season, and to which in this article we more particularly direct the attention of our readers, are all of handloom production; and the prevailing taste for all descriptions of checked goods, to the exclusion of many printed fabrics, gives full scope to their manufactures. For the first time, the cotton ginghams of France, Switzerland, and Germany, meet us in every warehouse, and soon we may expect to see our drapers' windows full of them. The low price of labour upon all parts of the Continent certainly affords to our rivals a great advantage; but yet it seems strange that English yarns should be exported to be again imported in a manufactured state. The difference of labour, we fear, is not the only cause: we are inclined to think that a smaller degree of profit suffices for the foreign than for the English manufacturer; were the latter to take a lesson from his rivals, he would not aim at fabricating so many of one style as at producing a great variety; generally he brings out his patterns at a high price, to leave room for what is termed *jobbing off* those that are left over, thus inflicting injury upon the earlier purchaser. A foreign manufacturer seldom has these losses to provide for: his orders are generally taken in advance—his risk is thus diminished—and, when executed, his attention is turned to the next season. Not so with many of ours, who seem to think that, so long as an article can be sold, it must be produced. The consequence is that less time is given to the preparation of the next season's patterns; they are hurriedly brought out, and, as will be shown this season, are inferior in design and combination of colour to those of the foreigner. We have said the low price of labour on the Continent is much against our handloom goods; but we may give a word of encouragement to the English manufacturer on this head, and our sources of information fully warrant us in doing so. The accounts we receive and hear of the high prices of provisions in all parts of the Continent are one cause that is slowly but surely telling in his favour. The wages which a year ago sufficed for the wants of the peasant weaver of Normandy and Germany now no longer support him; and the increased demand for his exertions will enable him to command a rate of pay more nearly approaching to that of the handloom weaver of this country. A difference of from five to fifteen per cent. is not of moment in the cost of labour, in an article upon which taste almost wholly fixes the value; for an article that pleases the eye must always command a higher price than an article that does not; in durability and strength they have the pre-eminence; in the superior method of finishing their goods, the English manufacturer has decided advantages over the foreigner—for, in the latter essential alone, the difference in the respective rate of wages is made up. He has the market at his door; and, with such advantages, we feel confident, now that he is put upon his mettle, that he must ultimately equal his rival in the only essential wanting—taste.

To our Scotch friends we would offer a few words of advice. On them, in a great measure, will fall the brunt of the trial: their printers must be greatly interfered with by the change of taste from the printed *de laines* to the mixed cotton and wool and cotton checks for this season; and, though the demand will doubtless be large, their wove goods must be curtailed in profit. In the active competition they must be subjected to, they will find fresh inducement to cultivate *originality of design*; generally we have found them successful only in imitations; we hope to see soon, from the establishment of Schools of Design, a better class of patterns produced, with an originality they at present greatly lack.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM DERBY.*

WILLIAM DERBY was born at Birmingham, on the 10th of January, 1786. The love of Art showed itself at a very early period, for when he was but a boy he often said "I will be a painter." His father, a shrewd and thinking man, saw the propriety of fostering a bias so strong, and therefore encouraged the original tendency of his son's mind. He acquired the rudiments of drawing under the able tuition of Joseph Barber, Esq., of Birmingham, the father of the accomplished J. V. Barber, Esq., whose lamented decease took place at Rome a few years since, whilst exploring the beauties of Italy.

In 1808 Mr. Derby essayed to establish himself as an artist in London, but, diffident of his own abilities, at the commencement of his career he engaged on a work far below the scope of his powers, viz., "The Stafford Gallery," which owes much of its beauty and finish to his skill; and, although this was a task of laborious drudgery, yet the cheerful and industrious manner in which he completed it called forth the frequent commendations of the superintendent of the work.

He now began to feel a secure footing in the Metropolis for the exercise of his natural powers in Art, and, with indefatigable diligence and great success, pursued portrait and miniature painting; occasionally making water-colour copies of fine pictures, until 1826, when the late William Hilton, Esq., R.A., relinquished making the drawings for Lodge's work of "Portraits of Illustrious Persons," and Mr. Derby was elected his successor, which honourable but arduous appointment he occupied till the completion of the work.

As the originals of these portraits were scattered through the galleries of the nobility and gentry of the united kingdom, Mr. Derby had to visit these repositories of works of Art, whence he obtained an invaluable stock of artistic information for his future practice, and which, to his great credit, he was ever ready to impart to his brethren. In addition to this great advantage he was hereby introduced to the nobility and aristocracy of the land, whose esteem and often friendship he secured no less by his own unassuming manners, than by the distinguished excellence of his works.

Among the latest of these was the Earl of Derby, whose portrait he painted with those of several branches of his family.

Whilst the Earl of Derby was sitting for this portrait, his Lordship expressed a wish to have water-colour drawings made of the portraits of his ancestors from the reign of Henry VII. to his own time, which were to be found in different collections throughout the country; and from his previous knowledge of Mr. Derby, in connexion with Lodge's work, felt that he was fully competent to carry out his views. This interesting collection he completed, and it is exquisitely bound in many volumes, enabling his Lordship to see at once the illustrious connexions of the noble House of Stanley.

In 1838 he was visited by a severe attack of paralysis, which deprived him of speech and the use of one side; he rallied, however, in a few months, and resumed his pencil with undiminished power. After this attack, his son, Mr. Alfred Derby, generally accompanied his father, and assisted him in all works of importance. The most beautiful of these productions was a water-colour copy of Landseer's 'Return from the Highlands,' the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The picture is among the choicest productions of this highly-gifted master. The copy is also a gem: the elegance of the drawing, the deep sentiment of the work, and the various textures and local colours, are given with a fidelity and beauty truly astonishing.

It has been a great advantage to the world of Art, when fine original pictures have been inaccessible to the engraver, to have copies made by an artist of the powers possessed by Mr. Derby, who, while he attended with the greatest care to the most minute accessories, caught the spirit and character of each particular master he undertook to imitate.

As an artist, he possessed powers of a great range in oil and water-colour painting, as is abundantly attested by his numerous portraits, miniatures, vigorous original subjects of still life, and his exquisite water-colour copies, over which he threw a peculiar charm.

In manners he was courteous, and in conversation engaging while instructive. In spirit he was remarkably independent, and in the pursuit of fame ardent and indefatigable; and, what is truly gratifying to add, by patient industry and unsullied integrity, he secured an honourable independence and well-established fame. He died at his house, No. 12, Osnaburg-street, Regent's-park, on the 1st of January, 1847, in the sixty-first year of his age, leaving a widow of kindred spirit with his own, who shared in his trials, anxieties, and successes, and eight children, to deplore the irreparable loss of an affectionate husband and a kindly indulgent parent.

* This brief memoir of William Derby has been supplied to us by his intimate and attached friend, Peter Hollins, the distinguished sculptor, of Birmingham.

THE NAUGHTY BOY.

E. LANDSEER, R.A., PAINTER; W. FINDEN, ENGRAVER.

THE print which accompanies this number of the Art-Union was not engraved expressly for our Journal: in consequence of our inability to procure in sufficient time the engraving promised, from Hilton's picture of 'Cupid Armed,' we applied to Mr. Henry Graves for a plate to substitute in its stead; and he very kindly aided us, by placing at our disposal this fine effort of the burin of William Finden, from one of the most agreeable and popular of Mr. Edwin Landseer's works.

It may not be amiss to state that this picture was the issue of an accident. A lady having brought her son to sit to Mr. Landseer, the boy became unruly, sulked, and refused to remain in the position in which he had been placed. His mother having vainly exerted her authority, and finding him still obstinate, forced him into "the corner," as a punishment. Here his resolute air and sturdy attitude struck the artist—who quietly pictured his expression as it is here seen.

THE NAUGHTY BOY.

PAINTED BY EDWIN LANDSEER R.A. ENGRAVED BY W. FINDEN. FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF JOHN SHEEPSHANKS, ESQ.

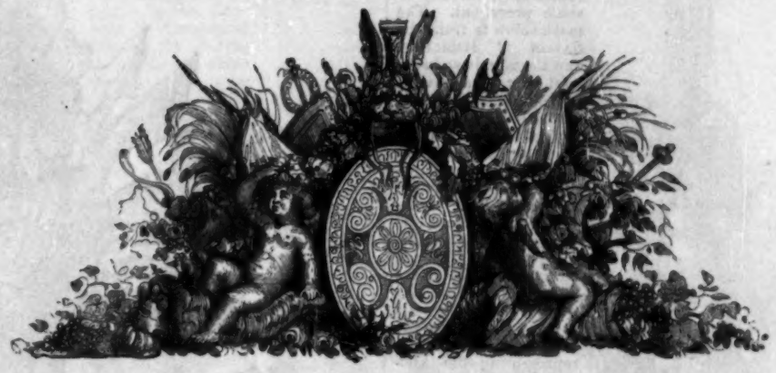
Proof Impressions on India Paper 5/-

Printed by Bowers & Kay

PUBLISHED IN THE ART UNION JOURNAL

THE DECORATIONS OF VERSAILLES.

We some time ago reviewed a truly magnificent French work, descriptive of the pictorial and decorative riches of Versailles.* We were then enabled to extract largely from the exquisite cuts, with which its pages abound; to this truly national publication we recur with renewed interest, and again make a selection from its stores of art; because upon Versailles has been lavished the treasures of the genius of France; and at Versailles, is, consequently, found much of that poetical design, which has been prolificly suggestive of innumerable beautiful combinations that have been adopted to embellish every-day utilities. The prints we introduced on the former occasion were copies of the leading pictures contained in this magnificent Palace; those we now give are examples of its interior decorations,—many of which cannot fail to interest and benefit the student in a very important branch of art. The work under notice, consisting of thirteen volumes folio, has been produced under the patronage of His Majesty Louis Philippe, and it forms a worthy dedication to Her Majesty the Queen of the French. Versailles celebrates two great epochs—that of Louis Quatorze, and that of the reigning monarch—the latter, even here, is a far greater king, and an infinitely greater MAN than the former. The famous château is well worthy of a book like this, and nothing less than this had in any wise served the purpose; as it is, these thirteen ponderous folios are literally filled, page after page, with valuable engravings from the pictures, portraits, statues, busts, and decorative compositions in the gorgeous saloons and galleries of the palace; of the last, only a limited number could be engraved—limited compared with the endless profusion, which cover these historic walls. The re-decoration of Versailles marks an epoch in the history of France; it is a monument to the France of July 1830, instituted by the presiding genius of the three days. The magnificent idea originated with the King; and its realization, is one of his many titles to the esteem and admiration of his country. As a patron of fine art, his munificence challenges comparison with that of others who shine in the history of painting, rather by the reflected light of the stars, by whom they were surrounded, than by any lustre of their own; and if we compare the Versailles of Louis Quatorze with that of Louis Philippe, we find that the former erected in it only a memorial of himself, whereas the latter has in most beautiful characters inscribed on its walls the history of France. The museum of Versailles is the most important and complete monument that has ever been raised to the greatness of that kingdom; and all honour is due to him who has thus thronged Versailles with the great men of the country, and who has registered in a grand pictorial series the whole of the "high facts" of French history from a very early period; for here we find in lucid arrangement a sequence of centuries, with the great events which they brought with them—the dynasties and remarkable men of all times—Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, Francis the First, Louis XIV., and every association of the times of Louis XVI.; the revolution, the empire, the restoration and the revolution of July. In considering Versailles as it is, all must be struck with astonishment, not so much at its surpassing magnificence, as at the MIND exhibited in its arrangement, as adapted to a great purpose. To these splendidly restored interiors the first of these thirteen volumes is devoted, and here we see worthy mementos of the chapel, the theatre, all the celebrated salons and galleries, together with their styles of decorations so faithfully represented, that the compositions generally are readily recognisable. The composition with the shield is one of those in THE GALERIE DE LOUIS QUATORZE which are placed above the entablature. They are numerous and highly ornamental, extending the entire length of the gallery, and each differing from the others in its trophies and accompaniments. The Galerie de Louis Quatorze presents altogether one of the most magnificent of existing examples of art. The larger cut shows one end of this gallery which is lighted by seventeen large windows, to which, on the opposite side, are as many glasses placed to correspond. The architecture is composite, the whole of the interior consisting of marble of different colours. The marble columns in the cut are admirably represented; their capitals and bases are of bronze, as also are the trophies; the lions' skins, the festoons, the suns and the roses, which ornament the vaultings and the intervals between the columns. It was in this gallery that Louis Quatorze usually received ambassadors extraordinary, upon which occasions a throne was placed at the extremity of the gallery, whereon he appeared surrounded by his court. The ceiling was altogether painted by Lebrun, whose subjects are the principal events of the period. The subject of the composition in the cut is "The Alliance of Germany and Spain with Holland," and the form of composition shows the gallery to be vaulted. This gallery, as seen from either extremity, presents a coup d'œil of the most gorgeous description; on each side is a row of candelabra, of beautiful design, from which the eye rises to the entablature, and the abundant diversity of ornamentation by which it is surmounted, and rests upon one or other of the pictures over the door. This cut very appropriately stands at the head of the second section of the thirteenth volume, which describes the celebrated personages of the reign of Louis XIV., and of the ulterior reigns.



* Versailles—Galeries Historiques. Dediees à S. M La Reine des Français. Par C. Gavard. Published by Gavard, Paris, and Dominic Colnaghi & Co., London.

The young Triton, is an ornamental figure in the SALON DES GARDES. There is, perhaps, nothing very original in the conception; but in every extensive assemblage there is necessarily much which refers remotely or directly to some precedent. The mask below is from the SALON D' HERCULE, and the idea is so beautiful, that it will ever be in requisition in ornamentation. The most perfect instances of this kind we find in the borders of those compositions called the Bible of Raffaelle; being ornaments that were designed by Julio Romano. The Salon d' Hercule occupies the site of the ancient chapel of the palace, and derives its present name from the painting on the ceiling, representing the Apotheosis of Hercules, executed by Lemoine. This saloon is remarkable for its magnificence; being the first of the principal apartments of the king. The marble ornaments are of exquisite beauty and admirable execution. His Majesty Louis Philippe has placed here an equestrian statue of Louis XIV.; and opposite to it "The Passage of the Rhine at Tolhuis, in 1692," by Vandermeulen; indeed it is to the taste of the king that the entire honour of the present admirable arrangement is due: for during the years occupied in the re-decoration of Versailles, his majesty exhibited a greater degree

of judicious earnestness than any individual actually employed. The vase with the two cornucopiæ and tritons, refer us again to Italian art, which abounds with an endless diversity of similar objective, well adapted for carrying colour. Such materials are the common property of ornamentists; but, as in this case, they derive an additional grace from their style of association.

To the school of Raffaelle, who have bequeathed the riches of their genius to St. Peter's and the Vatican, all modern adornment owes infinite obligations. Scarcely in anything that is beautiful do we fail to recognise something more or less remotely akin to these exquisite arabesques.

This composition of military trophies is in the GALERIE DES GLACES, and the other, the vase with the children and garland, fills a space over a door in the SALON DE LA PAIX, which is so called from the picture, "Louis XV. presenting peace to

France." The picture is placed over the fire-place, and Louis XV. is represented holding in one hand the helm, and with the other presenting an olive branch to the allegorical figure, France. The picture was painted by Lemoine. The Salon de la Paix is situated at one extremity of the Galerie de Louis XIV., at the other end of which is the Galerie de la Guerre, joining the Salon d' Apollon; while the former communicates with the Chambre de la Reine. The composition from which the room derives its designation, is of course allegorical, and essentially of the style then prevalent, that is, the allusions were rather pointed to Roman circumstance, than Greek art. We find, consequently, the king attired as a Roman emperor, and surrounded by figures appropriate to allegorical narrative. The figure of Louis XV. is distinguished by the most graceful movement, and tells prominently as the centre of the composition. Versailles presents a more marked contrast in the works of its two great periods—that of Louis Quatorze and that of Louis Philippe—than any other existing edifice that has been enriched by decorations of various periods. In the former period history was allegorized; great events were celebrated in poetical art; the Salon d' Apollon, and the Salon d' Hercule sufficiently in their designation bespeak the source of their decorations—how differently would these rooms have been appropriated had they been of recent construction.

The circular composition, surmounted by the shell, well repays the closest examination; the roses and other flowers lie with much natural grace on the upper sides to which they afford additional richness, and at the same time very effectively support the shell. To the centre agroupment the rams heads would give a leaven of the grotesque; but this is nowhere else taken up, save by the feet; all else being in the most refined taste. The eyelet, supported by marine animals, is one of six, beautifully arranged in the title page of the third section of the third series, which comprehends subjects from the Peace of Mineguen to the reign of Louis XIV., or from 1678 to 1715.

The small cut describes one of the numerous objects of 'Old Sevres,' with which the Palace abounds.

Indeed, the salons contain many very costly and rare examples of *vertu*. The design with the blank oval is in the SALLE DE LA MARINE, and bears the date 1703—that of the subject of a picture by Gudin, representing a battle fought by the Marquis of Coëtlogon, against the Dutch, in which the ships of the latter were taken. This artist is well known among ourselves, and we find at Versailles many of his very finest productions—works of that class which having been once seen are never forgotten. To him, indeed, has been confided the celebration of all the recently painted naval exploits of French history. These works are principally on the ground floor of the palace, as in the Pavillon du Roi, occupying the left centre of the palace, and joining the left wing, and having on one side the chapel, and on the other the apartments containing the pictures illustrating events from the time of Clovis until that of Louis XVI. Among the principal of these works of Gudin, is that called in French history the Battle of Lagos, or of Cadiz, fought in June, 1693.

Another is Coëtlogon's expedition to Gibraltar in the same year, also the expedition to Malaga. The latter are two oval pictures beautiful in effect. The former, a larger one, but also oval, affording a distant view of Gibraltar. Another painted by the same artist, is the battle of the North Sea, fought in 1696. Like many other edifices of importance, Versailles has been continually subject to changes and desultory additions. Blondel in his work on French architecture, says, that in 1755, the palace was flanked by four *pavilions*, built of stone and brick with an iron balcony, which went all round. These pavilions, however, cannot be identified with the edifices which now bear the name, and the paintings with which they are so profusely adorned are of very recent date; indeed they have entirely risen from the magnificence of the reigning monarch. Gudin has been the principal illustrator here; but there are nevertheless works by other painters. Other subjects in this collection of marine compositions, are—'The Bombardment of Genoa,' an open picture presenting a view of Genoa from the sea, which is covered with the hostile fleet; 'The Battle of Chios,' fought in 1681; 'The Bombardment of Algiers,' by Duquesne, in 1681, which, if our memory serve, has also supplied materials to a popular French artist—of whom we have had occasion to speak favourably more than once—we mean M. Lepoittevin. This picture is by an artist well known among ourselves, M. Biard, who does not represent the action, but shows Duquesne on the deck of his ship, surrounded by his officers, and treating with the Algerines.

Of the two florid arabesques heading this page, the first is in the SALLE DES MARECHAUX—it is light and graceful, and at once declares its source. The Salle des Marechaux is not less

contributive "à toutes les gloires de la France"—than others of the more popular apartments: for we find the marshals, one and all, look upon whichsoever we may, associated with the great events of their respective periods. The second cut is a censer of elegant design, and beautifully circumstanced amid leaves and flowers, and slight as the whole may be, there is something in the design

that reminds us of Benvenuto Cellini, and in the foliage something not unworthy of Albert Durer; indeed, there is all the freshness and luxuriant leafage which prevails in his Nuremberg remains.

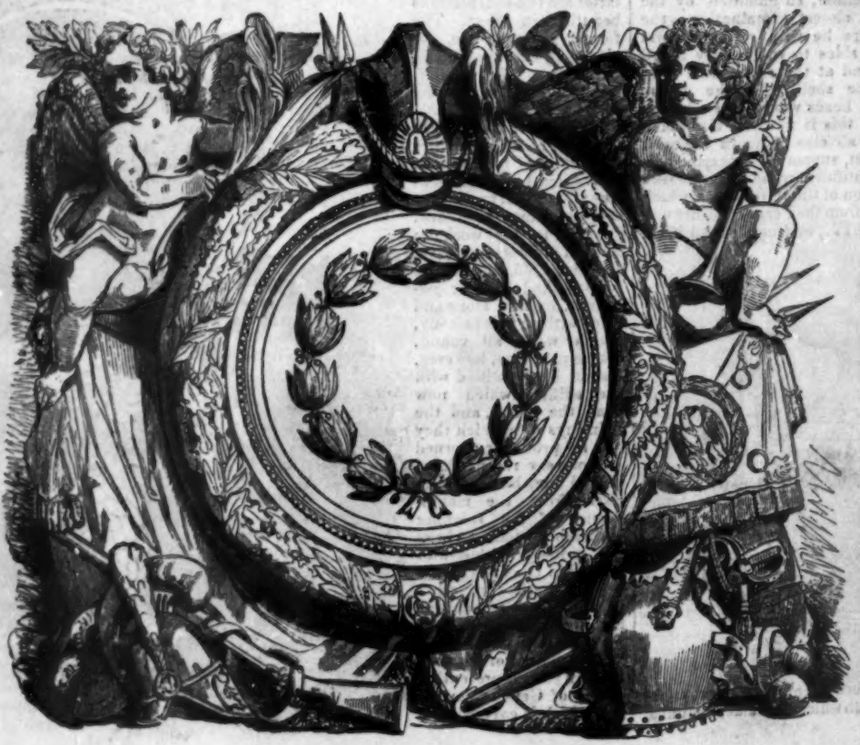
The two heads of cherubim are from the decorations of the CHAPEL, which is one of the great wonders of the Palace. The lofty dome is ornamented with sculptures and balustrades, the latter of which support twenty-eight statues. The whole of the exterior is ornamented with pilasters of the Corinthian order, and in the interior, columns of the same order support the vaulting with exquisite lightness of effect. These columns are of fine stone, of such excellent colour, and so beautifully worked, as to be mistaken for marble. The chapel has other similar heads of cherubim, in pairs, but so redundant and exquisite is the painting here that to the difficulty of giving a preference, where all is beautiful, there is the additional embarrassment of finding *morceaux* fitted for abstraction — such is the unity of sentiment in the whole.

The composition to which the plumed helmet forms a centre, appears under a description of THE SALLE DE 1792, which was formerly that des cent Suisses. It joins the centre of the Palace, of the south wing of which it forms a part, and looks upon the Park and the Cour des Princes. This room contains a number of portraits of the most illustrious military characters who lived at the date which gives a title to the apartment. These personages are represented as of the age which they had attained at this time, and in the costume which they then wore. Thus we find by the side of general officers, volunteer private soldiers, who subsequently became marshals of France, and even kings. Among the pictures by which this room is decorated is that of the Departure of the National Guard, by Cogniet: and those of the Battles of Valmy and Jemappes, after Horace Vernet.

The large composition of martial trophies, at the bottom of the page, is over the door of the Galleries of the Empire, and there the blank centre is occupied by the date, June 15, 1800, which is that of the battle of Marengo. These galleries are constituted of thirteen apartments, classed as those of the campaigns from 1796 to 1805, those of the campaigns from 1805 to 1810, and that called the Salle de Napoleon, which contains statues and busts. These apartments are on the ground floor, and look upon the Parterre du Midi, occupying the whole of the frontage of this part of the palace. The Salle de Napoleon is in the middle, and is equal in extent to two of the others. The extreme apartment of this wing of the palace is the Salle de Marengo, and the whole of these apartments are backed by the Galerie de Statues et Bustes, which is lighted from the Cour de la Surintendance. These rooms are ornamented with appropriate compositions similar to the cut, and each is dated according to the events which it is intended to celebrate. In the Salle de Marengo, Vernet has represented the battle; and here also is found the famous portrait of Napoleon on Mount St. Bernard, by David. This wing of the palace was formerly called that of the children of France, and comprehends several chambers which, until 1788, were occupied by the Dauphin, who died in the Temple, and Madame, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême. Those parts of the Salle de Marengo which are not covered with representations of great battles, present views of military actions, which took place

in the Italian campaigns, adjusted amid arabesque ornaments, heightened by gold, and surrounded by banners, surmounted by a crown of laurel. This room, in addition to these magnificent enrichments, contains a column of porcelain and three great vases, beautiful examples of the Royal

manufacture of Sevres. In a similar spirit is the decoration of the Galerie des Batailes, the construction of which was commenced by his Majesty Louis Philippe, in 1834, and finished in 1836. It is situated in the south wing, the first floor of which was occupied by the apartments of Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., by those of Madame Diane de Polignac, and of the Compte and Comptesse d'Artois, and also of the Prince Lambese, of the Princesse de Chimay, of the Duchesses de Luxembourg, and of Luynes, &c. In order to the formation of this unique gallery the various parquets were strengthened by iron, in order to support the enormous superincumbent weight in the vaulting, the cupola, the lanterns, and the covering of lead. The Salle de 1830 is another of the works designed and carried out by the King. This apartment is lighted by three windows looking upon one of the two great staircases, which open to the orangery, and lead down to the piece of water, called that of the Suisses. It is further lighted by two other windows looking upon the park. It contains five large pictures by Gerard, Scheffer, Lariviere, Deveria, and Court, the subjects of which, as may be expected, are derived from the history of the revolution. Among the most beautiful of the ornamentations of Versailles, much is of the style of Louis Quatorze.



The large cut presents the design of a console in the SALLE DU CONSEIL which looks upon the Cour de Marbre, and is placed between the bedchambers of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., with both of which it communicates, as also with the Galerie des Glaces. This apartment is remarkable as containing the clock constructed by Morand, who was not a clock-maker, but who has fabricated, nevertheless, one of the most ingenious pieces of mechanism of its kind. Before the hours strike a door opens, and a small statue of Louis Quatorze is seen, crowned by another small figure representing Victory. The richly-carved console has been imitated with much exactitude; but no copy has ever equalled the original. This carving stands nearly opposite to the fire-place, between the windows; and beautiful as it is, its admirable work is likely to be overlooked amid such an assemblage of *chefs d'œuvre* of art. The Salle du Conseil is *parqueted*, and though by no means crowded with furniture, every disposable space on its walls is most richly ornamented.

The two marine views form a portion of those which we have already mentioned as serving to preface the lengthened series of battle pictures by Gudin and other painters. The series consists of six, each having supporters allusive to marine painting. They are disposed by threes above each other in the way they are here seen; the uppermost being an oval, the centre octagonal, and the lowest circular, as in the example already given.

The last design accompanies the collection of portraits in the north wing; the series commencing

with Frederick Augustus, the second King of Poland, who was born in 1696, and died in 1763. These portraits represent men of eminence of all classes, many of them have been painted by distinguished artists; of others the authors are unknown. We find, for instance, among the very first names in the series, that of Bouchardon, one of the ornamentists of Versailles. He was the pupil of Costou the younger, of whom we have already spoken. The basin of Neptune and Amphitrite, is his most famous work. The value of a collection of this kind can be well understood, not so much as affording portraits of very celebrated personages, of whom generally likenesses are numerous, but as preserving those of others less distinguished, but not so unimportant as to be forgotten. We find here, Frederick the Second, Catherine the Second, Peter the Third (Russia), beautifully executed heads of the Brunswick Family, the best and least caricatured portrait of Voltaire, also those of D'Alembert, &c. &c.

Of the three cuts on this page, two are from the beautiful compositions in the Chapel—the lower being from the Pavillon du Roi. The Chapel exhibits the perfection of the religious art of the French school more than other collection of works in the same style. These designs are by different artists. It is scarcely necessary to observe of the cuts that they are from elevated parts of the interior, every space of which is entirely covered with sacred history. Coypel was extensively employed in the decorations of the chapel, and many of his works are admirably conceived. The centre of the vaulting is occupied by the choirs of Heaven. At the two extremities appear

St. Louis and Charlemagne, presiding over the destinies of France, and disposed as a part of the same composition; the four evangelists proclaim to man the tidings of great joy. La Force, an artist in high repute in his time, painted the Resurrection, over the high altar and above the royal tribune. Jouvenet has represented the Descent of the Holy Spirit. The artists Boulogne, also, have contributed to this part of the chapel, having painted, above the two lateral tribunes, the Twelve Apostles. In another, again by Coypel, we see twelve prophets announcing the coming of the Messiah. The Chapel of the Virgin was painted by the two Boulognes, whose works cover the beautiful vaulting. Their *chef d'œuvre* is the Assumption, in which the figure of the Virgin is an exquisite impersonation, and as accompaniments to this work, angels are represented bearing the attributes of the mother of Christ. The altar-piece represents the Annunciation. Constan has also been extensively employed here: he has executed in bas-relief the Visitation, and in the Royal Tribune, Christ Disputing with the Doctors—where, also, is a valuable bas-relief, by Poirier, of which the Circumcision is the subject. Near the windows are placed altars of the richest marble, and most beautiful execution. This magnificence is yet further enhanced by bronze bas-reliefs, the subjects of which are—'The Adieux of Madeleine to St. Odillon, abbot of Cluny,' by Conston, the younger; 'St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read,' by Girardet; 'St. Charles Borrohmée, at the head of a sacred procession, and supplicating Heaven to save the city of Milan from the Plague,' by Bouchardon. The centre is occupied by the Altar of the Sacred Heart, composed of marbles of the most costly kind. In front of this altar, and behind the grand altar, a picture by Silvestre, represents the Last Supper. Below the Chapel of the Virgin is the Chapel of St. Louis, in which Jouveaet has represented the King binding up with his own hands the wounds of the soldiers who had been wounded at the battle of Manoure. Before the altar in bas-relief, the King is seen serving the poor at his own table—the work is by Poirier. But the most beautiful, perhaps, of all those bas-reliefs decorates the

altar of St. Victoire, where is seen St. Victoire suffering death by the high priest of Jupiter, rather than sacrifice to false gods. The author of this composition is Adam, who has shown himself equally felicitous in his Christian and Pagan art. The high altar is remarkable for its impressive simplicity. The ornamentation is by Constan. The kneeling statues represent Louis XIII. and his son Louis XIV. supplicating for France the protection of the Virgin. The chapel was built by Jules Hardouin Mansart, having been commenced in 1699 and finished in 1710.

We must, for the present, bring to a close our selections from this truly magnificent work: which we trust we shall be the means of inducing many of our readers to consult.

All honour to the great King of the French; whose "victories of Peace" have been a thousand times more truly glorious, as well as more beneficial, to France, than the war-triumphs of centuries, which furnish themes for Versailles.

JUVENILE ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE.

THE two wood engravings which occupy this page are selected from the illustrations of a series of stories, entitled "The Early Days of English Princes," published by Messrs. GRANT AND GRIFFITHS: they are engraved from the designs and drawings of Mr. Franklin. We introduce them, principally, as supplying proof of the important advance that has been made, of late years, in the mingling of good Art with good Literature in works for the young. We accept, as one of the most striking signs of the times, that publishers now-a-days, almost invariably resort to artists of talent to illustrate "children's books;" several have been, of late, submitted to us, full of engravings, the very worst of which our fathers would have accepted as exquisite examples of high art, and which, far into the present century, would have been considered worthy embellishments to volumes of price.

The consequence of this manifest and great improvement will inevitably be to create so refined an appreciation of excellence, that inferior productions of art will not only become generally distasteful—they will be rejected by purchasers of all classes; and their production will be ultimately abandoned even in publications of the humblest and cheapest order.

Viewed in all ways, such aids to a proper understanding and appreciation of art, is a vast boon; the publisher who thus assists the cause of art is, in truth, a public benefactor: young minds will be formed by unexceptionable models; there will be nothing to unlearn; the eye will be accustomed to the pure and true; and the young, properly educated in art, will be prepared for its thorough comprehension in matured age.

The young of our epoch have great advantages over their predecessors: our memories need not go far back to recall the monstrous insults to good taste which filled our "Childrens Books;" forms that, assuming to be human, outraged all natural proportion; and colours as opposed to truth as light is to darkness. There is no reader of "a certain age" who cannot call to mind the books with "three beautifully coloured prints," that not only satisfied, but delighted, his boyhood; and how eagerly they were sought for by embryo "artists and amateurs." Let him compare them now—if, indeed, any of them have survived the revolution of the last ten years—with publications such as that before us, and he will at once feel the weight of his obligations to publishers who are providing works that cannot fail to teach the rising generation—educating the eye as well as the mind and heart. Our thanks are due to Mr. Franklin, as well as to the Publishers.

PORTRAITS OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

In the series we here commence, we shall not attempt to do more than furnish a few Biographical Notes: there are many reasons why Essays on the Genius of the Painters of whom we give Portraits would be objectionable. We have long contemplated the publication of the series; and it is pleasant to add, that our efforts to procure portraits have been kindly seconded by the Artists: we believe that in all instances, we have secured the best likenesses; in some cases they have been painted expressly for us; in others, they have been lent to us for the purpose of engraving.

No. 1.—Charles Lock Eastlake, R.A.

This distinguished painter and accomplished gentleman was born at Plymouth, in Devonshire, towards the close of the last century, and was educated at the Charter-house School, which he quitted in order to devote himself to the study of Art, for which his latent disposition was first excited by one of those accidents to which the world is indebted for many of the men whose histories glorify the annals of painting. Haydon was also a native of Plymouth, and it was while paying a visit to his fellow townsman that Mr. Eastlake was impressed by the picture upon which the former was then employed—'The Dentatus'—insomuch as to declare for the profession. After studying at the Academy for two or three years under Fuseli, he painted a picture of the 'Raising of Jairus' Daughter,' which was purchased by Mr. Jeremiah Harman, for whom he afterwards went to Paris to copy in the Louvre; an occupation which the return of Napoleon from Elba compelled him to relinquish. He then visited his native town, where he painted numerous portraits, and on the arrival of the Bellerophon with Napoleon on board, painted a full length, life-sized portrait of the Ex-Emperor, as he appeared at the gangway of the ship. This work was executed from sketches made daily alongside, and is the last portrait of Napoleon painted in Europe from careful and actual study of his person. In 1817, Mr. Eastlake proceeded to Italy, and in 1819, visited Greece, accompanied by some friends, among whom where Mr. Barry, the architect. In the following year he made the tour of Sicily, after which he returned to Rome, having abundant material, whence he painted Greek and Italian landscapes, and about this time his charming reading of 'Byron's Dream.' Every artist visiting Italy yields to the captivation of its picturesque costume; the results of Mr. Eastlake's admiration of its character were numerous compositions illustrative of Italian life, among which were many banditti pictures. At Rome, also, was painted his admirable picture 'Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome,' the first version of which is the property of the Duke of Bedford. In 1827, he became an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1830 an Academician, having returned from Italy the same year. He continued at home to paint Italian and Greek subjects; but has of late years devoted himself to religious art, with a depth of appropriate sentiment to which no eulogy can do justice. His 'Christ Blessing Little Children;' 'Christ Foretelling the Destruction of Jerusalem;' 'Hagar and Ishmael:" are pictures never to be forgotten. Mr. Eastake is a pluralist in honours, having also high claims to literary distinction; his labours in this field being his "Translation of Goëthe on Colour," "Notes to Kugler," and a forthcoming "History of Oil Painting." It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Eastlake is the secretary of "the Royal Commission," and the keeper of the National Gallery.

Without departing from the plan we lay down of limiting ourselves to "Biographical Notes," we may state in this brief notice, that no living artist is more universally respected—there is no artist who, by high mind, delicate courtesy, and unassuming manner, more elevates the profession of which he is so distinguished a member. We may add, too, that no painter more completely realizes the idea that might be formed of him by the grace and purity of his works.

This is not the place to comment upon attacks that have been lately made upon Mr. Eastlake, for alleged inattention, or ignorance, in his office as keeper of the National Gallery; we allude to the subject, however, merely to associate with the memoir the following report of the Trustees, as a reply to gross and unfounded calumnies:—

"*That in the opinion of the Trustees, the report made by Mr. Eastlake is entirely satisfactory, and justifies the confidence which they have reposed in his judgment in respect to the treatment of the pictures in the National Gallery.*"

No. 2.—George Lance.

Mr. Lance was born at Colchester, in 1802, where his father, who was in the service of his country, was then stationed with his regiment. His mother was a member of one of the most ancient and wealthy families of Yorkshire. He manifested a taste for drawing at a very early age; his first efforts being directed to the accomplishment of a copy of a finely spangled theatrical portrait—a "penny *chef d'œuvre!*" to which for some time all his half-holidays were devoted. It was, however, under the late Mr. Haydon that he commenced seriously and earnestly his study of Art, a fact which may create surprise, the distance being so great between the art now professed by Mr. Lance and everything inculcated by his master. It was only last year that Haydon, while standing with his hands behind him, in front of one of Lance's pictures, said—"Yes, and Lance was a pupil of mine; how can I regret that he should have set aside what I taught him, to paint in this way?"

Mr. Lance studied under Haydon for some years, and now speaks of him in terms of the most affectionate remembrance. At the suggestion of his master the pupil directed his attention to anatomy, and went through three courses of dissecting, obtained admission to the schools of the Royal Academy, and made large cartoons from the Elgin Marbles. At one period of his study, about the year 1818, so tardy was his improvement, that serious intentions were entertained by his friends of removing him from the schools of art, and placing him in a situation to learn a business, He, however, laboured incessantly: his toil commenced at even four in the morning, and ceased not until eight in the evening; and yet there was no satisfactory show of progress and but for the kind aid of a valued friend (the late E. Chatfield) it is probable that Mr. Lance had been compelled to relinquish the prospect of art as a profession. And now comes the incident which has given to our school a painter of fruit and flowers unsurpassable. The time had arrived when he was to try a historical subject; but before actually commencing it, it was deemed advisable to experiment a little with colour, and a group of fruit was formed for this purpose. This subject having been painted, the work was pronounced to possess considerable merit; it was sold, and is now in the possession of Mr. Creswick, the landscape painter. This was followed by a similar subject of greater pretension, which was presented by the father of the artist to the Earl of Shaftesbury, by whom a companion picture was commissioned. From this time Mr. Lance's works were sought by all the known and munificent patrons of our time.

Mr. Lance is married, and is happy in a most accomplished wife—a circumstance the more fortunate, considering that he commenced the cares of life at the early age of twenty-two; and, although hardly yet in his prime, he is—a grandfather.

Mr. Lance's transition from history to fruit painting, and success in the latter, is not without many parallels in the history of art. It has been said, that those of the Dutch masters who painted flowers and fruit had arrived at a degree of excellence that was unapproachable; but many of them are far exceeded by the works of Mr. Lance. In colour, richness of touch, variously appropriated texture, and exquisitely juicy maturity of his fruit, he can never be surpassed.

Mr. Lance was last year elected President of the Artists' Fund—an honourable position in which he succeeded Mr. Mulready. He is not a member of the Royal Academy; but there can be no doubt of his arriving at that distinction—a distinction to which he is eminently entitled, as having carried a branch of art—and by no means an unimportant branch—to a higher degree of perfection than any master of modern times—we may, indeed, add, than any one of the old masters; for when time has mellowed the brilliant tones of his fruit, and his imitations of still life—wonderful for their truth—his productions may be placed beside the best efforts of the Dutch school.

THE FINE ARTS IN AUSTRALIA.

There exists no surer index of the progress of a country, or a colony, towards civilization and the refined enjoyments of life, than the growth and cultivation of the Arts, either as applied to objects of mere utility, or to the higher office of embellishment or intellectual instruction. That state of society can rarely be found wherein some manifestation of taste, some attempt to arrest and portray the beautiful, are not to be met with; and the degree in which this perception of the beautiful is acquired and represented, may justly be taken as an indication of the prevailing tastes and feelings of a people. The great use of the arts is to harmonize and refine; to elevate the sources of gratification, by exhibiting to the mind, through the eye, lofty and worthy sentiments, the glories of nature, or the power of moral excellence. But the capacity of the human mind for receiving such impressions through the medium of the arts, must depend on its education, and what better teacher can be employed to enlighten and instruct, than a gallery of pictures? "where the mind reposes with full confidence in its feelings of admiration, and finds that idea and love of conceivable beauty, which it has cherished perhaps for a whole life, reflected from every object around it."

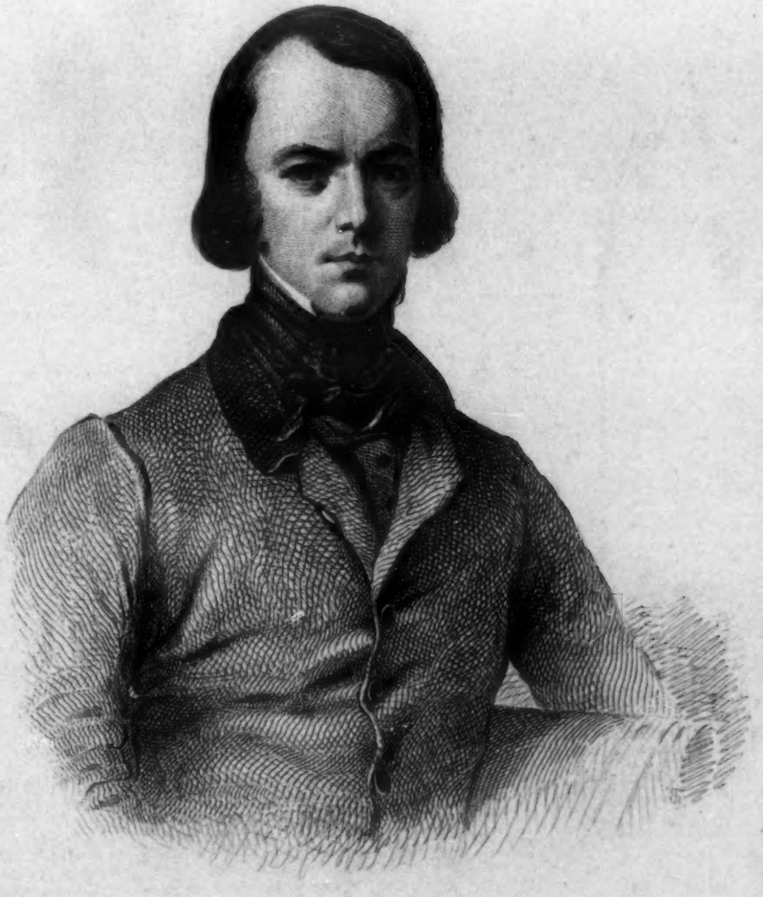
We are led into these observaitons, by having had placed before us, through the courtesy of the Bishop of Tasmania, catalogues of the first and second Exhibitions of Paintings, Drawings, &c., at Hobart Town; with local newspapers, containing judicious criticisms on the works exhibited. The first catalogue, of 1845, shows a list of 267 works of all classes; the second, for 1846, numbers 258. But it must not be supposed that these are all original productions by resident artists, some of them being prints published in England; some few copies of the old masters; and others, original pictures by ancient and modern painters, lent to the society for the purpose of exhibition, by its friends and patrons. The catalogue for 1845, is made up chiefly of this latter class; comprising the names of Reinagle, Holland, O'Connor, Balmer, B. West, Morland, Steinwyck, Vandyck, Turner, R. A., Guido, Boxall, Ruysdael, Shayer, Crome, Seaforth, Hamilton, R.A., Arnald, Hart, R.A., J. Ward, R.A. S. Prout, Varley, Jones, R.A., with a large number of our best modern prints. The list for 1846 is an unquestionable improvement on the preceding, as it embraces many original contributions by resident artists and amateurs, at the head of whom stand the names of the Bishop of Tasmania, J. S. Prout (nephew of S. Prout), J. G. Medland, S. J. Harvey, T. Bock, T. G. Gregson. F. G. Simpkinson, P. Fraser, W. P. Kay, J. L. Burnell, Mrs. Fereday, and Gill. Among the works lent for exhibition we find some by Müller, Jutsum, Cipriani, T. S. Cooper, S. Jackson, H. Warren, Sir J. Reynolds, S. Prout, J. Hayter, Richmond, Cotman, Holland, Cox, Sir W. Newton, and Thorburn. There is also a Sketching Club at Hobart Town, which already musters several members.

We most cordially concur in the hope expressed by a critic in the Hobart Town *Spectator*, that this will not be the last exhibition opened in the colony; materials for carrying out the project are constantly increasing by the arrival of new productions from the mother country, and the first step having been made, there is no earthly reason why, with able hands, working under judicious management, the arts should not flourish in a land, which to us seems barren—the *ultima Thule* of civilization. Wherever they prevail, they make "the solitary places glad," cheering the heart, ushering into life thoughts of the good and beautiful, imparting knowledge, and shedding rays of light and sunshine over the dull realities and the gloom of our existence.

We must not forbear to notice the excellent style in which the catalogues of this society are produced. The arrangement of the list might suggest hints to our Royal Academy, and the typography of the printer of Van Diemen's Land would bring no discredit to the establishment of Messrs. Clowes. We would also offer the Bishop of Tasmania our best thanks, for supplying us with the materials wherewith to furnish this notice of an institution that we feel assured has in him a zealous and liberal patron.

C. L. Eastlake

ENGRAVED BY J. SMYTH FROM A DRAWING BY T. BRIDGEFORD.



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THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The return made to the House of Commons, in pursuance of their order of the 7th of January, has been presented, and printed for distribution. It includes a copy of the minutes of the Trustees of the National Gallery during the years 1845 and 1846, with the names of all the Trustees present at each meeting; also copies of the orders and instructions to the Keeper of the Gallery respecting the cleaning of the pictures, and any directions in respect to their arrangement; and of any other documents relating thereto.

As this return was printed early in the month, and the greater portion of its contents have already been placed before the public by the daily journals, we do not think it necessary to encumber our pages with extracts, but shall content ourselves with some remarks on the general information it conveys. It consists of eighteen folio pages, and those who wish to possess the entire report can obtain it at the small cost of twopence-halfpenny, at which price it is issued at the office for the sale of Parliamentary Papers, in Bridge-street, Westminster.

The first eleven pages are occupied by the minutes of the proceedings at the various meetings of the Trustees, from which it appears there has been no lack of offers of pictures to the Nation, as "gifts," by many well-intentioned persons—which have been declined, principally for their unimportance, inferiority, or want of space to place large pictures. A bequest was made of the choice of ten pictures from the collection of the late Mr. G. Skilbeck Maude, of Middlewood Hall, Yorkshire: these (the Trustees having deputed Mr. Eastlake to view and report upon them) were respectfully declined as unsuitable for the public collection. We recollect the subsequent exposition of these "Raffaelles, Corregios, and stuff." They were sold at Christie's, averaging £20 apiece!

A picture by Salvator Rosa, bequeathed by her Royal Highness the late Princess Sophia Matilda, has been accepted, as well as one representing 'Nymphs and Satyrs,' by Francis Wouters, offered to the Gallery by Mr. M. Forster. Mr. Henry Vint offered a picture by the late W. R. Bigg, R.A., which was declined. A picture by Gaspar Poussin, offered by the Rev. T. Corathwaite, after being viewed by Mr. Eastlake, was also respectfully declined. Besides the 'Holbein,' Mr. S. J. Rochard offered works of Morales and Giorgione (so called) for sale, which were refused. The Trustees, having determined to purchase the unfortunate picture which has caused so much painful discussion, determined to give for it a sum not exceeding 800 guineas. After this resolution, it was reported, at a subsequent meeting, to have been obtained for 600 guineas; so that haggling about price and making a good bargain appears to be the mode of dealing adopted. There is much the same procedure about the 'Susanna and the Elders,' by Guido. Although it is very desirable, and even laudable, to make purchases at a fair price, yet this manner once understood, as it will be by the published report, cannot fail to cause everything offered for sale to the Gallery to be, in the first instance, placed at an unreasonable price, in expectation of receiving, as matter of course, a lower and acceptable sum. Lieut. F. Higginson, R.N., made an offer to lend two pictures by Rubens and Ostade; and Mr. M. F. Tupper, to present, under certain conditions, a picture by Procacini: these two conditional offers were respectfully declined. The Hon. F. Charteris also proposed to deposit, for a time, his fresco by Tibaldi, which met the same answer: the Trustees saying they are not desirous of sanctioning deposits in the Gallery, by private individuals, of works of Art. Mr. James Dansey, of Exeter, offered to present a large picture, by Luca Giordano, of 'The Rape of the Sabines,' which was declined by the Trustees saying, they had not space on the walls of the Gallery for this and similar donations. Mr. W. Upcott, of Islington, deceased, made a bequest of a number of oil and crayon pictures by the late Mr. Ozias Humphrey, which were also declined, from the limited space in the Gallery not allowing the Trustees to receive many works of Art which might be considered eligible, notwithstanding the favourable opinion they entertained of the works of the late Ozias Humphrey.*

* It will be seen with great pleasure that Sir Robert Peel has suggested to the Trustees the advantage of accepting all meritorious works of Art which may in future be offered; and presenting such as are unsuitable for the National Collection to Local and Provincial Museums, where they would be unquestionably of the greatest utility in promoting a love and knowledge of the Arts, and lay the foundations of minor Galleries of Pictures.

The offer of Mr. Buchanan of the two pictures by Agostino and Ludovico Caracci for 4500 guineas was declined; but the previous offer of £7000 for the above, including the picture by Annibale Caracci, was renewed. As Mr. Buchanan had sold the latter to G. Tomline, Esq., of Carlton-terrace, the offer became nugatory. These are the three famous Caracci painted for the Prince Giustiniani at Rome, which were brought to England in the collection of the Duke of Lucca seven or eight years ago. Many other fine pictures were in the Lucca Gallery, which would have been of great importance to a national collection; nothing but the two Francias were, however, acquired for it—a couple of pictures certainly of great value, as exhibiting an incipient development of the excellence that was to follow.

There are many very curious features, besides, in the Report, not the least amusing of which will be found to be the vast number of pictures offered to the Trustees for purchase by persons of no condition in life, but mere jobbers and brokers in the species of picture-ware we have so often denounced as vamped-up trash, for the unworthy purposes of deception. Mr. Eastlake must have had a very sickening task to view and report on this mass of rubbish, and perhaps, but for his judgment and unflinching integrity, the fine works we already possess would have been grossly contaminated by bad neighbours on the walls. We may congratulate ourselves on escaping from these numerous traps with only a mock 'Holbein'; and, although it is certainly not a 'Holbein,' it has many points to recommend it as a good work of the early period it represents: this has never yet been questioned; it is only the pecuniary value which has been impugned.

We intend to give an analysis of some of the individuals who have been thus ardent in thrusting their pictures on the Trustees; and some curious anecdotes of these "gems of Art" will amuse the reader who is not behind the scene. We know of one picture offered by a man, a foreigner, which has since found its way to the stores of a pawnbroker for ten shillings, and another has, on the pressure of the disappointment, been offered for two sovereigns and an old coat.

Amid the mass, a little cunning and "managing" Frenchman had the luck to obtain 600 guineas for an untrue Holbein. It does not, however, appear that pictures believed to be good and worthy of purchase were ever rejected without valid reasons being assigned. The most curious among the pressing offers that were constantly made is a very *modest* proposal of Mr. Samuel Woodburn, to grant £200 a year, for three years, to his brother, to enable him to travel about in search of pictures, for the Trustees to buy at a profit of *only* 20 *to* 30 *per cent.*; adding that he had it then in his power to procure the Trustees some superior works to the amount of £20,000. We may suppose these are the stars to which Sir M. A. Shee alludes as not having been allowed to shine on the walls of the National Gallery.

It will be readily seen, on reference to the printed Report, that the Trustees were besieged on all sides; their steady resistance has probably begotten a portion of the malicious procedure against the Keeper, who was doubtless considered a stumbling-block in the way of "suitors."

The further portion of the Parliamentary Paper relates to the "picture-cleaning," which has originated so much of anonymous scurrility. The murder is now out, and the assailant is avowed to be a Mr. Morris Moore, who appends his name in a letter he addressed to the Earl of Ellesmere (one of the Trustees), repeating again the accusations which had previously figured in a daily paper under a most inappropriate signature—"Verax." We knew well who the writer was; but did not consider ourselves justified in printing his name. The Trustees referred this letter to Mr. Eastlake, to prepare a report on the charges advanced; and at a full meeting on the 4th of Feb. it was resolved—"That in the opinion of the Trustees the report so made by Mr. Eastlake is entirely satisfactory, and justifies the confidence which they have reposed in his judgment in respect to the treatment of the pictures in the National Gallery."

No one, at all competent to judge, could have doubted so satisfactory a result of the inquiry. In additional corroboration of its justice, there are letters appended from W. Mulready, R.A., W. Etty, R.A., E. Landseer, R.A., T. Uwins, R.A., and C. Stanfield, R.A., all certifying in the strongest possible language, that not the slightest injury has been done to the integral parts of any of the pictures which have been cleaned, and expressing their approbation and delight at the view obtained of these works of Art, now that they are freed from the film and dirt which had hitherto mystified their true character.

There are, besides, letters appended from Mr. John Smith (author of the "*Catalogue Raisonné* of the works of the Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters"), Mr. Thomas Emmerson, and Mr. Peter Norton, all eminent dealers in works of Art, whose testimony—founded on long experience—is that no injuries have arisen from the recent cleaning of the pictures.

After the complete justification of Mr. Eastlake which has now taken place, we congratulate this gentleman on an occurrence which establishes his right to the entire confidence of the public, in the responsible situation of Keeper of the National Pictures.

Mr. Coningham appears not to be content with the unenviable mistakes he has already committed in the daily papers; he has "come out" in a small pamphlet, in which he fires at random against Art, Artists, the Royal Academy, &c. He has already made three public retractations, which do not appear to have quite satisfied him, as he now asserts that he is the object of "deliberate and lying attacks from the *anonymous partisans* of Mr. Eastlake." His first retractation was a sturdy denial of acquaintance with the writer under the name of "Verax," in the "Times." Now that the Parliamentary Report furnishes the name of Mr. Morris Moore, to complete the apology No. 1, Mr. Coningham has to deny, in unmistakeable words, "any acquaintance with this gentleman"—which, we imagine, he will not do. The apology No. 2 is Mr. C.'s regret that he had been led into the erroneous assertion that Sir M. A. Shee had ridiculed the drawings of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle. Apology No. 3, inserted in our last number, was a retractation of having stigmatized the painters of our country as perpetrators of "chalky absurdities," applying the term only to the works of J. M. W. Turner; although, by-the-by, in the letter in which he uses the words "chalky absurdities," he adds, "and other pictures of the Royal Academy."

However, Mr. Coningham performs in his pamphlet a rambling attack on many minor points scarcely worth noticing. We shall leave him for a future occasion, if he continues to thrust forward his "inky absurdities." He asserts that all the drawings of the students contending for prizes must first *filtrate* through the hands of Mr. Jones. Why employ the word "filtrate"? What insinuation is conveyed by it we ask our readers to judge. Is not some equivocal meaning intended? These petty abuses of words against individual members of the Royal Academy, Mr. Jones, Sir W. Ross, and Sir M. A. Shee, come with very indifferent taste from a gentleman who calls those who have defended Mr. Eastlake the real calumniators, and the moral assassins of society. Even the single annual dinner given by the Royal Academy becomes an offending event. We are seriously told that "the delicacies of the season savour hugely of clap-trap." This is a brilliant hint to the immortal *chef de cuisine*, Monsieur Soyer, and will create a new era in gastronomic festivals on public occasions. "Soupe à la reconnaissance" and "Vol au vent à la cajolerie" will become stock dishes.

Mr. C. winds up his tilting by saying, "Let us hear of fewer dinners and better pictures." Fewer than one is a crotchet that would puzzle even schoolboys, who are perplexed with mathematics, more than the famous "Pons Asinorum" itself appears to embarrass the Don Quixote of the picture-dealer's dirt and discoloration.*

* A pamphlet is announced for publication by "Verax," on the subject of the National Gallery, in a few days. It will not be in our hands until the present number has gone to press. We may next month give an analysis of its contents, although, from this person's already diffuse rodomontades in the daily journals, we expect nothing but a repetition of the same nauseous matter—utterly worthless for any good purpose.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

GERMANY.—MUNICH.—Several years ago King Louis wrote some very interesting sketches on the characters of the inmates of the Walhalla, and the principal incidents of their lives. The little book, distinguished for its peculiar style, expressive of classical brevity, possesses, moreover, much originality; it is full of very striking remarks on the most prominent individuals of German history, and must unquestionably be cited as the best production of the royal author. The Walhalla has been almost from his childhood the King's delight, and he consequently has felt fully gratified at its completion. It is therefore no matter of surprise that he should himself write appropriate memoirs of those whose sculptured monuments, after a strict and severe selection, were received into the grand national hall of Germany. The eminent establishment of Von Cotta is about to publish a magnificent edition of the said work, with illustrations, chiefly of the sculptures of the Walhalla, engraved by the best artists. These illustrations will be the more valuable, as all the busts and figures have been made after authentic portraits, medals, &c., so that perhaps not a single representation may be termed a fictitious one. The publisher promises the completion of the work even before the ensuing summer.

NUREMBERG.—We have to announce the death of one of those artists who have acquired immortal reputation by aiding the recovery and restitution of an important branch of the Fine Arts—we mean *glass-painting*. The name of the deceased artist is Sigismund Frank, a native of our city, whose fame for discoveries and useful inventions in arts and sciences has been unrivalled. He died at Munich, where, so far back as 1818, he had been called to exert all his industrious and imaginative faculties, for the purpose of laying the foundation of the present celebrated glass-painting establishment. At that period he could be looked upon almost as the only artist of ability in the mystery of the above art; while at Nuremberg—so rich in specimens of ancient glass-painting—he finally succeeded, after many attempts, in discovering the genuine technicalities of painting on glass. Though he was called away from his native sphere of activity, his process of working did not remain here unnoticed; it was adopted by M. Kellner and his sons (several times mentioned in the ART-UNION Journal), and improved to the highest degree of perfection. Frank was in the 77th year of his age.

SPIRE (Rhenish Bavaria).—Schraudolph, one of the glories of the Munich school, continues to produce some admirable frescoes in the celebrated Cathedral, which, in several parts, is now undergoing a thorough restoration, under the superintendence of Gaertner, the famous architect. The frescoes, when completed within a few years, will form one of the grandest series of works of this kind not only in Germany, but throughout Europe; many are already finished. They are, as regards taste and the spirit of historical Christianity, truly wonderful; they adorn the ceiling-vault of the large choir; the gold ground is also laid, and the splendid ornaments added. The whole will form an illustration of the life of the Virgin. The north side will comprise the chief incidents of the life of St. Bernard, who preached here the second crusade. The south choir will contain the principal incidents in the life of St. Stephen. The artist has shown himself a competent master in several grand fresco works in the Munich Basilica and in the Church of St. Louis (one of the modern architectural wonders of that city).

BERLIN.—His Majesty the King of Prussia, acknowledging the high merits of one of the most ingenious works of the present age, the "Kosmos" (the World), by Alexander Von Humboldt, which must be considered as the canon of enlightened wisdom and feeling, has ordered the great artist Von Cornelius to make a suitable design in commemoration of this work of the great natural philosopher. The design will be executed in a testimonial medal. It represents the Genius of Science lifting the veil of Nature; represented most ingeniously by the artist. The Mother of the Universe is entreated by a sphynx to enlighten mankind with the further unfolding of her mysterious secrets. The other particulars of the beautiful design are illustrative of the various natural investigations of the great philosopher.—It is reasonable that the necessity of taste and tasteful ornament should extend even to the most common objects, for instance, of furniture; nay, even toys should not be exempt. It may, therefore, be expected that toys for princely children should be so in the highest degree; we are, therefore, happy to state that an article has lately been manufactured here which rises to the dignity of a work of Art; the design having been furnished by one of the greatest artists of the present age—we mean the very elegant and tasteful present of the King of Prussia to his royal godson, the Prince of Wales. It is a shield, designed by Von Cornelius, moulded by Fischer, and cast in silver by Wolf and Lumbtro, chiselled by Mortens. Its ornamental features allude to the solemn act of christening the royal infant, illustrating, at the same time, many appropriate texts of the Holy Scripture. In the centre is the head of Christ, surrounded by the cross and the emblems of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Justice. Many other representations from the New Testament are seen in gems, gold, and ormorlu. The shield bears the inscription—"Fridericus Guilelmus, Rex Borussorum, Alberto Eduardo Principi Walliae, in memoriam Diei Bapt. XXV. M. Jan. A. MDCCCXLII."

VIENNA.—We continue to receive very pleasing and interesting news from Rome, respecting the ingenious artist Rahl, a native of this city. He is certainly one of the ablest masters of whom Austria can boast. His most recent work—'the Triumphal Procession of Manfred at Luceria,'—is reported to be a very jewel among modern works exhibited in the localities near the Porto del Popolo. This painting is said to be much superior to a former production by the same artist—'The Persecution of the Primitive Christians'—which was considered, at its time, by connoisseurs as a first-rate specimen. Several other works are in good progress, each of which will largely contribute to the fame of this artist.

PRAGUE.—The Fine Arts had formerly no habitation in Bohemia or its metropolis; they were, with a few exceptions, condemned to neglect; but a glimmering of light has now been thrown into these obscure spheres, from the general focus of South Germany—Munich—in the person of Christopher Ruben, a very talented and energetic artist, who had been called to the honourable office of a Director of the Prague Academy of Art. In this situation he found a wide field to cultivate; his energy soon succeeded in tilling and sowing the ground, and he was fortunate enough to see, at length, the fruits of his endeavours. Thus his entering the Academy can be looked upon and hailed as an occurrence of immense benefit. Wherever an idea for the promotion and improvement of the Fine Arts was to be favoured or protected, Ruben was the man to lend his aid for calling into existence what taste necessarily required. To his energy we are greatly indebted for the execution of the colossal statue of Charles IV., which was modelled by Hahnel, of Dresden, and is at present in the hands of Burgschmiet, of Nuremberg, to be cast. In the midst of his beneficial labours for the good of the Academy and his junior followers, he does not neglect to secure the immortal wreath of his reputation as an artist. He lately completed an admirable painting of 'Columbus.' It is the result of much study, great skill, and good taste, and at this moment is being exhibited at Munich, the original place where his genius developed itself; and where this fine work is justly admired, we hear, even by those whose criticism is ever ready to detract where it ought to commend—and to praise, indeed, they are forced by the correct and masterly beauty of the work. The great navigator is represented at the awful moment of his discovering the first speck of land of the New World, when all the crew were lost in wonder, surprise, admiration, and devotion; a glorious harmony of so many emotions is displayed, every part is masterly executed, and without the least tinge of *mannerism*. The figure of Columbus is not a sturdy pirate-like marine hero, but rather a personation of a man worn out by fatigues and anxieties, as if convinced of the reality of his expectations, yet not without a dread of disappointment—and now the delight of sudden fulfilment gleams from his gladdened eyes! All is pure nature. We may henceforth entertain the best hopes of seeing other grand historical paintings by so eminent an artist.

ITALY.—ROME.—Our distinguished countryman Gibson is labouring most diligently in his studio. Among the works which will first attract the attention of the visitor is the full-length statue of the Queen; as much from the graceful and expressive character of the figure, as from the partial introduction of colour in the work. We shall, doubtless, at some future time, be enabled, from a personal inspection, to enter more fully into a detailed description of this admirable performance; at present all we need say is, that it will prove an honour to any school. Colouring in statuary was frequently practised by the ancients; in the above statue the diadem and the bordering of the drapery are tinged with blue, and heightened by gilding. 'Aurora rising from the Sea' is another production of infinite beauty and originality of conception; it is spoken of in the highest terms of commendation. A 'Greek Hunter and his Dog,' a group executed for Lord Yarborough, commands admiration by the symmetry of the bending figure of the hunter, and the characteristic expression of the animal. Other works by Mr. Gibson, either finished, or on the point of completion, are, 'The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche,' an alto-relievo for the Queen; 'Venus kissing Cupid'; a monumental group to the memory of the late Lady Leicester, executed in alto-relievo, the design of which is both novel and significant; an angel, bearing on one arm an infant, guides the mother, who follows in its flight to heaven with the other; above is a star, to intimate that they have already reached the mansions of the blessed;—and lastly a basso-relievo representing a 'Wounded Amazon,' leaning against her horse, whose fire and energy form an admirable contrast to the drooping countenance and figure of its dismounted rider.

GENOA.—At the late exhibition of the Fine Arts in this city the plan of the monument to be erected to the memory of Christopher Columbus formed an interesting feature. It is to be a square measuring twelve mètres on each side. From three steps a plinth is to rise, each side bearing bronze inscriptions; the corners will be mounted with emblematical figures, on pedestals, representing Science, Piety, Wisdom, and Perseverance. Between these statues, on the four fronts, the same number of bassi-relievi will exhibit the principal events of Columbus's life, viz., 'Columbus before the Council of Salamanca,' 'The Planting of the Holy Cross on the discovered Island,' 'The Embarkation of the great Discoverer in Fetters,' and 'His Appearance before his Sovereign at Barcelona.' On the surface of the base a lofty, conical, and richly-decorated pedestal will rise to support a group illustrative of the moment when Columbus first got sight of the American continent. The design of the monument is by Professor Michele Canzio; the execution of the principal group will be the work of Signor Bartolini; Aristodemo Castoli will execute the statue of 'Wisdom,' and the basso-relievo of the 'Planting of the Cross'; Luigi Pampaloni, the statue of 'Piety' and the 'Scene at Salamanca'; Signor Giuseppe Gagaini, of Genoa, and professor of sculpture at the Royal Academy at Turin, will model the statue of 'Science' and 'Columbus's Appearance before the Spanish Monarch'; the representation of 'Perseverance' will be the work of Emil Santarelli; the execution of the relievo, 'Columbus in Chains,' is confided to Salvatore Renelli.

FRANCE.—PARIS.—At this period of the year there is, as usual, an outcry against the jury who is about to exercise its severity against the artists sending their paintings to the Louvre; of course, a jury is necessary, were its power exercised with impartiality, which is not the case here, many paintings being put on one side and not shown at all. A most shameful practice; let us hope, in time, the remedy will be found.——M. H. Lehman was chosen, by the city of Paris, to decorate the Chapel of the Young Blind Boys. The dome is finished, but is not yet made public, and will be when the other paintings are done.——The Director of the Musee has ordered, for the Prince de Joinville, six paintings for the Château of Careilh, in Brittany. We have heard the names of four artists: Caminade, Lefevre, Pichon, and Vauchelet. ——A clever young artist, M. B. Roubaud, is just dead in Algiers. He was a young man of talent, and indefatigable in his art: following the troops in their marches, partaking their privations and dangers, he caught cold and never recovered.——The Count de Clarac, member of the Institute and Keeper of the Antiques in the Louvre, is just dead.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

SIR,—A paragraph crept into your journal last month, in reference to the Society of Arts, which I am sure must have escaped your editorial vigilance. The spirit of this paragraph is no less unjust, than its facts are incorrect; and I am sure the mission of your journal is not to depreciate efforts to promote Art, or to propagate errors respecting those efforts. The paragraph in question states that "the Council of the Society of Arts have offered a small premium (five guineas) for the best original pattern of a paper-hanging for an ordinary sitting-room, to be printed with not exceeding four blocks. This appears to be the *only* invitation of the Society to designers for Industrial Art, from which we cannot augur that any attempts are contemplated to promote the interests of British manufactures."

Your correspondent who furnished this communication could have done so only on hearsay. In charity it must be presumed he could not possibly have seen the list of prizes offered by the Society, amounting to 300 guineas with 40 medals, which fills two pages of the advertising columns of the ART-UNION. The *whole of this amount*, except some fifty guineas, is offered to designers for "Industrial Art" bearing directly on the "promotion of British manufactures," and nothing else.

Allow me to enumerate some of the objects which the designers are invited, *totidem verbis*, to send in, by prizes varying from twenty-five to five guineas, and by gold and silver medals. Models or drawings are solicited for a goblet; ornamental case for a chimneypiece clock; earthenware mug; teapot in metal; bedroom candlestick in china or metal; fountain inkstand; ornamental lamp pillar, in metal, glass, or pottery; ornamental pattern for printing on china or earthenware; ornamental design for a roller window blind; geometrical pattern for a Kidderminster carpet and drugget, &c. Are not those objects which affect the interests of British manufacture? The potters, the glassmakers, the Sheffield workers, may be appealed to for an answer. Then the manufacturers in glass are especially invited, by offers of gold medals, to submit specimens of enamelling, and the new application of glass. The potters are invited to show the best colours of blue, crimson, turquoise, and of green, and gilding on porcelain: prizes especially suggested by Prince Albert himself, the President of the Society. But it is unnecessary to enter into further detail, to refute your correspondent. So much for the facts. The animus of the paragraph is further shown in what follows:—"The neglect of the interests of British manufactures is an evil greatly to be deplored, but not so great as that which last year allotted prizes to an imitation of a French jug, by no means so good as the original, and a tea-service of the worst possible character." You may not be aware that the competition last year was small; but you may be assured that Sir William Ross and Mr. W. Wyon, R.A., who were present, awarded the prizes to the best articles which were submitted, whatever be their merits or demerits: whether the tea-service can fairly be said to be of the "worst possible character" your readers may judge from the fact that Messrs. Storr and Mortimer have executed several copies of the milk-jug in silver, and keep it as one of their standard patterns. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

[Next to not committing an error, is the wisdom of atoning for one: we readily insert the above, expressing our regret that we should have overlooked the Programme of the Society, notwithstanding that it appeared in our own journal as an advertisement—belonging therefore to a department seldom subjected to editorial scrutiny. The fact is that our information was taken from a contemporary, by whom it was given no doubt only in part, and before the complete programme was issued. We rejoice to find that, instead of the Society offering little or no encouragement to Industrial Art, they are, in reality, labouring for its effectual advancement; and cordially tender to them our best support in forwarding objects so important and laudable. It is highly to the credit of this Institution; and we accept it as evidence of a new spirit and augmented energy in its management. While, however, we plainly and without reserve retract our expression of dissatisfaction, as far as the future is concerned (and apologise to the Society for our carelessness), we hold to our opinion as to the past; and, notwithstanding that Sir William Ross and Mr. Wyon (both admirable artists and honourable gentlemen, but very bad critics upon milk-jugs) helped to award the prizes last year, we maintain that they were awarded for articles miserable in design and manifestly borrowed. If our correspondent desire it, we will enter at greater length into this subject—and engrave the objects he praises; that which was taken from a Beauvais piece, and that which Messrs. Storr and Mortimer have, we think, very unwisely copied: a "standard pattern" we hope it never will be.]

PICTURE DEALING.

WE last month made some remarks on the great utility of Mr. Smith's *Catalogues Raisonné*. The author, in his dedication of the work to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, says—"The primary object of it is to convey such information to amateurs of Pictorial Art as may prevent, in a great measure, the success of the frauds and impositions so much practised, and to enable them to pursue the objects of their taste with more certainty of attainment than hitherto; to unmask the means used for deception, and to obtain for the honest tradesman in works of Art their confidence, and the reward due to his knowledge and integrity."

The important work of Mr. Smith consists of nine volumes: the first eight volumes contain a catalogue of all the known, authenticated, and recognised pictures of the following painters:—Gerard Dow, Slingelandt, F. Mieris, W. Mieris, A. Ostade, J. Ostade, Wouwermans, Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Jan Steen, G. Terburg, G. Metzu, G. Netscher, Van der Neer, Van der Werf, P. De Hooge, Gonzales, Schalcken, N. Berghem, Paul Potter, A. Van de Velde, K. Du Jardin, A. Cuyp, Vanderheyden, J. Ruysdael, M. Hobbima, J. and A. Both, Wynants, Pynacker, Hackaert, W. Van de Velde, L. Backhuyzen, J. Van Huysum, Rachel Ruisch, Rembrandt, Poussin, Claude, and Greuze. The ninth volume, published some years after the first eight volumes, is a supplement of works of the same painters, unknown or not sufficiently described, rendering the account much more complete. Each picture of these masters is described as to composition, quality, and dimensions; and it is generally stated in what collections it has previously been and where it was at the period of the publication of the work.

Those who are induced to give large sums for any pictures represented to be painted by the before-named artists will surely take a prudent course to seek information in these volumes. Although the price is necessarily high, thousands of pounds might have been saved by its purchase—money utterly wasted, in the buying untrue works, besides sparing a vast amount of mortification to the duped collectors from the penalty imposed on them by their ignorance.

Some remarks from the preface to these volumes, we propose to give in a future number, as useful hints to picture buyers.

Mr. PHILLIPS has had weekly sales. Messrs. CHRISTIE and MANSON held one on Saturday, the 13th instant, which proved a wretched affair of five-pound "originals"; the company was a sprinkling of low jobbers and brokers, hosiers, dentists, and various small fry of "picture-riggers"; and the newspapers teem daily with announcements of capital collections, the property of obscure and nameless gentlemen.*

A few days ago, a *bona fide* sale took place in the City, by a truly respectable auctioneer; not a professed "picture-rigger." The pictures were the property of an unlucky enthusiast who had assigned them and other valuable property, for the benefit of his creditors, to trustees, in satisfaction of his debts:—

	£		£	s.	d.
'The Madonna' (Sasso Ferrato) cost	60	sold for	6	0	0
'Venice' (Canaletti)	20	,,	5	0	0
'Dido' (A. Kauffman)	20	,,	3	5	0
'Christ and the Centurion' (Le Brun)	20	,,	4	15	0
'Landscape' (Zuccarelli)	88	,,	9	10	0
'Cupid Bound' (A. Kauffman) ...	15	,,	2	15	0
'St. Catherine' (Corregio) ...	20	,,	4	0	0
'Venice' (Canaletti)	20	,,	6	6	0
'Holy Family' (Raffaelle) ...	60	,,	7	0	0
Idem (Raffaelle)	160	,,	28	17	6
	£483		£77	18	6

All the pictures were handsomely framed. The last lot was a copy of the well-known 'Madonna della Seggiola,' and was bought in a shop in King William-street, City, formerly kept by a dealer; it was gorgeously framed. One would almost think it impossible that any man with £160 in his pocket could be so arrantly ignorant as to believe that he might buy a picture by Raffaelle from a shop-window! A gentleman of fortune even, fancied a picture this shopkeeper possessed, to be a genuine Claude; but being unwilling to trust his own judgment, and perhaps somewhat wary, he asked a distinguished artist to see the picture ere he decided. As soon as the dealer found out who the friend was upon whose judgment the purchase might be completed, he endeavoured to cajole him with something more substantive than compliments—a present of a few dozens of wine. These were, of course, refused; but the following morning the eager dealer was at the artist's abode, and endeavoured to thrust a diamond-ring on the finger of the distinguished painter, but in vain: it was indignantly declined! We have the names of all the parties, but delicacy and respect (to one alone) induce us not to give publicity to the whole.

However, "the Season" is about to begin, and the whole class of this type are in full activity.

* We have had several inquiries as to why announcements of forthcoming sales do not appear in our journal either as paragraphs or as advertisements. We should imagine that the question need not be asked. The picture auctioneers are surely no friends of ours; they prefer to betray the interests of their employers (for, beyond question, in cases of *bona fide* sales and honourable transactions, no medium of publicity could be so advantageous for the sellers, as this journal) to advertising in our columns. Moreover, it would scarcely answer their purpose to advertise their base sales—which it would be our duty to expose; and sales of a different character are of very rare occurrence. Although the absence of such intelligence may, three or four times in the year, be a loss to our readers, the space they would occupy is generally far better filled.

TO MELANCHOLY.

BY AN ARTIST.

THE world is full of loveliness
Where'er the sunbeams fall,
Where'er the wandering breezes blow—
For Beauty reigns o'er all!
It fills the circling Universe:
The All-sustaining power,
It gleams in each eternal star,
It breathes in every flower!
The whole wide earth is beautiful!
The silent void on high
Is one vast fountain of delight
That never can run dry!
Then, what have I to do with thee,
Sister of Insanity?
Wherefore should my youthful brow
Bend to wear thy cypress bough,—
Bend, that thou may'st pencil there
The ghastly features of Despair?
Why with brutish wilfulness
Court thy skeleton caress:
Revelling in wretchedness,
Till I breathe not, but to sigh,—
Till I dare not lift the eye
To the blue o'erbending sky,
That like an angel's face looks down
With a tearful tenderness,
As if it wept for my distress?—
Yet is not this bright heaven mine own?
Is not this green earth my throne!
Where I sit, and from afar
Call my slaves?—From cloud and star,
From the sun and from the moon,
From the depths beyond them all,
From the breeze of this warm June,
From the fresh rains as they fall—
Twinkling o'er the cottage eaves
And the drowsy garden flowers—
From the rustling greenwood leaves,
From the odorous hawthorn bowers,
From the fields of tender wheat,
From the blue hills far away,
From the glances warm and sweet
Of my own dear kindred clay,
From the skylark's tranced song,
From the humming of the bee,
From all the mingled thoughts that throng
The wondrous world of Memory—
Souls of Nature's loveliness!
Viewless ministers of bliss!
Trooping at my beck they come,
Making my glad heart their home!
But with *thee* they cannot dwell.
Hence, then, to thy native hell;
Hence, then, find another breast,
With colder heart of bitterer blood,
Where to build thy gloomy nest,
Where to rear thy vampire brood.
Earth is all so beautiful,
And my heart with love so full—
Love to God, and to my kind,
To THE GOOD and to THE TRUE,—
That, in sooth, I cannot find
Room therein to harbour YOU!

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—TESTIMONIAL TO SAMUEL LINES, ESQ.—It is most gratifying to witness a public acknowledgment of public services; they are too generally passed over without recognition; there is no task more satisfactory to a journalist than that of recording an exception to this rule. Mr. Lines, sen., of Birmingham, is, perhaps, of all provincial teachers of Art, most deserving the grateful compliment that has been accorded to him; and with much pleasure, therefore, we make note of a meeting, recently held at the Athenæum of his native town, to present to this excellent gentleman and artist a tribute his worth and merit. The testimonial, representing 'The Third Labour of Hercules,' is in silver, from an antique design found in the house of Sallust, and brought to England by Sir B. Schlick, under whose immediate superintendence, at the establishment of Messrs. Elkington, the copy has been produced. As a work of Art of Birmingham manufacture, it excels in taste and execution; and is highly creditable to the famous manufacturing town.

It was presented to Mr. Lines, by a number of his former and present pupils, as a small acknowledgment of the valuable and important services rendered to them, in his capacity as a teacher of drawing, and of their high estimation of the zeal and talent displayed by him in the advancement of the Fine Arts during a period of 39 years. We copy from the "Birmingham Advertiser" the following passage:—"The recollections of the early productions of Birmingham artists, who have risen to eminence in the artistic world, when 'brother pupils,' under the warm-hearted and gifted tutor, who was that evening to receive, at the hands of those whose youthful dawn of genius he had watched over and fostered with a parental care, a tribute expressive of their sense of his private worth and valued services; and the interesting reminiscences connected with the rise and progress in life of many who were present and many who were absent were 'run through' with a frank-heartedness, freshness, and conversational eloquence, which brought to the mind's eye days and nights of happiness, toil, and difficulty long past and long to be remembered." In presenting the testimonial, the Chairman, T. Lane, Esq., said:—"If there was one individual to whom the town and its manufacturers particularly were more indebted than to others, it was to his friend Mr. Lines. Scarcely one of its manufactures could be said to have received no benefit from that gentleman's labours; and it must have been a great gratification to Mr. Lines to have seen those who were his pupils five-and-twenty or thirty years ago steadfastly working their way to the highest positions in their native town: it certainly redounded to that gentleman's credit. He was proud to say, for his own part, that whatever credit might be due to himself as a manufacturer, he owed it entirely to the instruction he had derived from Mr. Lines." Mr. Lines, in expressing his acknowledgments, said, "As he that month entered his seventieth year, it could not be expected that he could enjoy the possession of the testimonial for any length of time; but it would become an heirloom in his family, and he had good reason to hope that his successors would not forget it, or the occasion on which it had been presented. He had had a place prepared for it in the room he daily occupied, where he spent his leisure hours and enjoyed his domestic comforts. It would, therefore, be always present, reminding him of the liberality of his friends, and stimulating him to fresh exertions in his favourite employment." Our report would be incomplete without the letter of the pupils which accompanied the valuable and gratifying gift:—"Dear Sir,—We approach you with feelings of the most heartfelt pleasure, with a deep and lasting sense of our manifold obligations to you; not only as a public teacher who, for the last forty years, has been sending into the ocean of society a constant stream of mind, elevated by your instruction, a never-failing source of good and useful information in the art you teach, under whose fostering influence many very eminent men have laid the foundation of all their greatness. Nor has your success been confined to gentlemen only: many ladies' names might be cited who have attained great eminence in the art. It is not for this only—it is for the kind and affectionate manner in which your instruction has been imparted, your constant attention, your unwearied zeal, your unvarying courtesy of manner, and the mildness of your correction, yet firmness of principle, that have endeared every one to you who ever studied under your almost parental care. These are traits of character never to be effaced from the memory of those who now, with feelings of grateful pleasure, beg your acceptance of the accompanying humble though sincere testimonial; and we pray that the Almighty, who watches over all, may spare you many years as an ornament to the town in private life, and a most useful member of society as a public preacher."

It is unnecessary for us to add any remarks to this record of a very interesting event; we trust the example will be followed in other towns, where there are artists whose lengthened labours deserve grateful recognition.

LIVERPOOL ACADEMY.—The Exhibition of the Liverpool Academy, after an unusually protracted but highly successful season, closed to the public on the 8th of January last, but the drawing of the Art-Union did not take place until the 25th, in consequence of the necessary arrangements with her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. The selection of the prizeholders took place on the 27th and 28th; and the unsold works have been returned to their respective artists. We have been at some pains to ascertain these particulars, having heard of complaints by some of the London artists, in consequence of their pictures having been detained a few weeks beyond the usual time. We believe the Executive of the Academy have in all things done their utmost for the interests of the contributors; had the Exhibition closed at the usual time, and the Art-Union been postponed, at least £700 less would have been expended—a very substantial reason for a brief delay. It was feared that the present unparalleled season of distress would have materially affected the receipts and sales; but we are gratified to learn that such has not been the case: for, amid the many calls these trials of the season impose on the wealthy, still the Fine Arts have met with that ample consideration and support which are always awarded to them by the cultivated taste of their admirers in the town of Liverpool. The same liberal sentiments which gave such excellent and novel features to the preceding Exhibition have been again in operation, and with equal or, indeed, increased success: we allude to the admittance of the working classes at the close of the Exhibition at a nominal charge, and the admission of charity-school children free—a principle first introduced by the Liverpool Academy, and about to be followed in other great towns of the kingdom. The sales of the season amount to £2800, of which £2550 arose from sales by the Academy, and the rest by the artists privately. The following pictures were chosen in the Art-Union:—'Forest Hall,' F. H. Henshaw, 100 guineas: 'Sea Piece,' W. A. Knell, 50 gs.; 'Cattle Piece,' H. B. Willis, 60 gs.; 'Italian Scene,' W. D. Kennedy, 60 gs.; 'Sir Roger de Coverly,' T. F. Marshall, 35 gs.; 'Flower Girl,' J. F. Pasmore, £35; 'Water Mill,' T. M. Richardson, jun., £35; 'On the Tees,' H. J. Boddington, £30; 'Lavinia,' T. F. Marshall, 30 gs.; 'Landscape,' Wm. Shayer, £25; 'On the Thames,' H. J. Boddington, £25; 'Landscape,' F. Watts, 20 gs.; 'Landscape,' J. Peel, £25; 'On the Bury River, South Wales,' A. Vickers, 20 gs.; 'Scene in Bristol,' W. G. Herdman, £20; 'Coast Scene,' T. J. Robins, 16 gs.; 'Malmsbury Cross,' E. Hassall, 15 gs.; 'Landscape,' H. Jutsum, £15; 'Landscape,' G. Chester, £15; 'The Reaper's Child,' A. H. Taylor, £12; 'Stormy Day,' W. Havell, 12 gs.; 'View from Stirling,' Charlotte Nasmyth, £10; 'Showery Day,' C. Barber, £10; 'Crossing the Ford,' A. D. Fripp, 10 gs.; 'Thunder-storm,' E. Williams, sen., £10; 'Temptation,' H. Shirley, 8 gs.; 'Landscape,' J. W. Oakes, 8 gs.; 'Landscape,' J. Fullen, £7; 'Lane Scene, Essex,' T. C. Dibdin, 6 gs.; 'On the Lake of Geneva,' W. G. Herdman, 5 gs.; 'Lane Scene, Cheshire,' C. Nasmyth, £5.

MANCHESTER ROYAL INSTITUTION.—The Exhibition of the works of modern artists opens at this Institution, as our readers are aware, in June next; in the meanwhile the Council, with a laudable anxiety for the gratification of the town and neighbourhood, are on the eve of forming an Exhibition of the Old Masters, which is to be continued until the end of April. It gratifies us much to hear of these exertions in so good a cause; and we shall endeavour in our next number to give some further particulars, inasmuch as such reports are, we are aware, always acceptable to our readers.

WORCESTER.—A lecture has been delivered in this city, by Mr. Durieux, on "Imitative Art"; which appears to have given very general satisfaction, and, if we may judge from a report published in one of the newspapers, to have been highly creditable to the talents, judgment, and taste of the lecturer.

IRELAND.—The distribution of prizes by the Royal Irish Art-Union took place during the past month. The Report stated, first, that the Society had obtained its charter; next, that the sum collected amounts to £4250—a large sum, considering the present state of Ireland. We extract the following cheering passage:—"Both the (Dublin) Exhibitions were good, and contained some admirable specimens, by leading artists, of the British and foreign schools, together with able and pleasing contributions from our native and resident artists. The attendance was most satisfactory, not only of the upper and middle classes during the regular season, but, the Academy having again repeated their former most enlightened movement of opening their doors at the almost nominal charge of one penny, a large and most deserving class of our humbler fellow-citizens availed themselves of the privilege; and the result was, as before, not only a considerable addition to the funds of the Academy, but also the example was again set to other similar Institutions, of the usefulness and practicability of such a proceeding." Prizes were awarded to Mr. George M'Coy, for a line engraving; to Mr. G. A. Hanlon and Mr. Oldham, for wood-engravings; to Mr. G. H. Burgess, for drawing in lithography; to Mr. C. Forster, for gem-engraving; to Mr. W. B. Kirk, for modeling; to Mr. Thomas Farrell, for the same; and also to Mr. F. Burnett, for "a small group"; to Mr. Woodhouse, for medal-engraving; and to Mr. S. Watson, for a series of outlines. The report concludes with this gratifying announcement:—"In conclusion we beg to call your earnest attention and support to an undertaking called forth not only from our desire for the advancement of Art, but in order that we may bear our share in the general struggle now making by those possessed of good feelings and generous minds to meet the extreme destitution that prevails over our country by every means in their power. We have long anticipated being able to revive the Exhibitions of the 'Old Masters,' which gave in former years so much satisfaction to the people, and spread so much taste and knowledge on the subject of Art. It has been proposed and carried unanimously that we should make a beginning this year, and that the proceeds should go whole and entire as possible to the relief of the general destitution. We are aware we entail on ourselves very considerable trouble and responsibility—but the spirit with which the matter has been taken up and responded to by the various noblemen and gentlemen to whom we have applied puts it beyond all doubt that, with your kind assistance, we will be able to open very shortly a very splendid and valuable collection of Ancient Art. It will be doubly gratifying to those who give themselves the great mental treat of viewing a really good collection of Art to feel assured and to know that every farthing of what they pay to enjoy it goes to relieve and support the famishing and the destitute."

The prizes were drawn; and among others the following pictures were distributed:—'The Tempest' of Shakspere, F. Danby, £200; 'Rienzi in the Forum,' A. Elmore, £200; 'The last Round of the Pilgrims,' G. Petrie; 'The Greek Refugees—Alarm,' W. Fisher, £120; 'The Travellers,' illustrative of Eugene Sue's romance of "The Wandering Jew," E. Corbould, £100; 'A River Scene,' J. Tennant, £50; 'Connamara,' G. Colomb, £45; 'Don't you wish you may get it,' W. Foy, £40; 'Mill on the Isis, near Oxford,' H. Jutsum, £40; 'Ruins,' Edward Hayes, £35; 'Captain Macheath Arrested—Scene from "The Beggars' Opera," J. Absolon, £35; 'Lough Mask,' W. G. Wall, £30; 'Skirts of a Village Fair,' H. J. Boddington, £30; 'Wharf at Gillingham, on the Medway,' W. E. Dighton, £30; An 'Old Block and its Chip,' J. Haverty, £95; 'St. Kevin's, Glendalough, County of Wicklow,' H. Newton, £25; 'View on the Thames, near Blackwall,' M. Kendrick, £25; 'Lane Scene, Warwickshire,' T. Baker, £25; 'Killarney,' S. Brocas, £25; 'The Anson Hulk on Shore, off Sheerness, on the Medway,' W.C. Smith, £24; 'Girl of Sorrento' (a study), James Harwood, £20; 'Desdemona' (a study), James Harwood, £20; 'Morning on the Medway,' A. Herbert, £20; 'Donnybrook Fair, £20; 'Brig Lying-to for a Pilot,' Edwin Hayes, £20; 'Scene at Henley—Moonlight,' S. Williams, sen., £20; 'Port of Liverpool,' S. Walters, £20; 'The Whiteboy under Escort to Gaol,' R. R. Scanlan, £20; 'Sheep-washing—View near Brenchley, Kent,' G. A. Williams, £20; 'Buy a Figure,' W. Dent, £20; 'Landscape Scene at Wevesdale, Sussex,' J. Dearman, £18; 'La Place de Pelleci, Rouen,' J. F. Forde, £16; 'Kenmare Road, Killarney,' J. Brennan, £16; 'Skirts of the Common,' E. Duncan, £15; 'View at Leatherhead, Surrey,' W. Oliver, £15; 'North-wall Lighthouse, Dublin,' Edwin Hayes, £15; 'Pass of Llanberris, North Wales—Showery Weather,' W. Collingwood, £15; 'View in Kent, with Gipsies,' S. B. Percy, £15; 'Loughcorrib, County Galway,' H. O'Neill, £15; 'Dolgelly, North Wales,' W. Collingwood, £15; 'The Gipsies—a Lane Scene,' D. K. Smith, £12; 'Hayward's Heath, Sussex,' J. Dearman, £10; 'The Cottage Door,' E. Williams, £10; 'St. Malo,' A. Herbert, £8, &c. &c.

MIDSUMMER EVE; A FAIRY TALE OF LOVE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART THE THIRD.

IN the spacious and lofty hall of an ancient castle near Killarney, adorned after the fashion of old, rather than of modern, times, two youths, apparently about the same age, were occupied—each according to his taste; it was evident that, however close their connection, their pursuits were opposite; one was seated in the deep recess of a window, that overhung a clear and rapid river; beside him were scattered various implements of the chase; a long fowling-piece rested against the seat, and he was eagerly engaged in fitting a string to a good yew bow; his brown hair clustered around his head so thickly, that it was difficult to ascertain its form; the brow was full, the eyes grey and sparkling; the nose straight and delicate; the mouth large, but the mould was so perfect, and the lips were so sharply chisselled and rich in colour—so fertile of smiles—that Cormac's admirers called it beautiful; yet, even when in repose, its expression was unpleasing and often painful.

The other youth was seated also, but at another window. It would have been difficult to guess which was the elder and which the younger of the two: brothers they might be—relatives they certainly were; their hair and eyes were of the same colour; the brow of Sidney was more full, his eyebrows were better arched; but the great distinction was in the lower portion of the face; whether in action or repose Sidney's mouth expressed the firmness and decision of character that usually determine a man's fortune; the chin was finely modelled, sufficiently large, but free from every taint of sensuality; when he smiled, it was with the eyes rather than the lips; sometimes, indeed, they parted, and then his eloquent countenance was lit up by the sunshine of an elevated and most happy nature. He had been drawing—for an open sketch-book lay upon a table that stood in front of the richly-carved chair whereon he sat; nor was that the only indication of his taste—a half-finished map was kept open by a box of water-colours, and a French horn and a fishing-rod rested on the deep stone sill of the open window.

"What are you thinking of, Sidney?" inquired Cormac, having, after many efforts, tightened the cord to his pleasure. "What *are* you thinking of? that shake of the head is no reply. *I* was thinking how opposite we are in habits, and yet how united in affection; you are so contemplative; so fond of books; your heart is so tender, and yet you are so firm; so deep a lover of music; so cautious; so serious! a MAN at eighteen; *I* am thoughtless, changeable, impetuous." He waited, as people, young and old, often do, when they enumerate their faults, in the hope of contradiction; but Sidney made no attempt to stay his words. "I have a bitter will, and a hard heart," he added, at length.

"You have not a hard heart, Cormac," said Sidney; "I know not what you mean by a 'bitter will,' but you have the impetuous will of a Talbot." Cormac smiled, and looked rather pleased than otherwise. "How are you going to spend the remainder of the day?" added Sidney.

"I hardly know; my mother is so unreasonable. Women never judge rightly about their sons. If I take up a gun, she thinks I must be shot; if I go on the lake or the river, she trembles lest I should be drowned; if I ride, she fears I shall break my neck;—I wish my father had lived."

"How unfortunate! to have a mother who loves you, an old inheritance, and an ancient name; to be *the* person in your own home considered above all others!"

"You should not say that, Sidney," replied his cousin, "for I think my mother loves you quite as much as she loves me—and no wonder!"

"She has indeed proved how she loved her husband by being a child to his parents, and a parent to his brother's children. My father says his children have two mothers," replied Sidney, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"And there it is again," said Cormac; "I never had a brother; though to be sure you are the same thing, Sidney. But, if I had half a score of brothers and sisters, like other fellows, I might do as I like. My mother could not have watched them all as she watches me."

"We have been at Eton so long, Cormac; and she is so delighted to have you home," suggested his cousin; "and so proud of you."

"And yet, Sidney, I am not as much beloved as you are," said Cormac, in a discontented tone. "Wherever we are, dogs and children find you out; when we returned home together only last week, many of the old men in the crowd that welcomed me back, kept saying, 'that is the young master in the blue cap; we should know him anywhere, by his smiling eyes and sweet face;' *my* cap was scarlet; and yet I bowed and smiled twice as much as you."

"That was but a mistake made by half-blind age."

"Not at all; you have the luck! Your shilling always does as much good as my guinea. But let us think of something else. I wonder would the arrow carry this strip of crimson to the top bough of yonder ash. Come, take your bugle, and when you sound, I shoot."

The youths stood together at the window; the one with the bow drawn to its full extent; the other, his head a little thrown back, and the bugle ready to sound its ti-ri-la in honour of the shot. Born within the same week, they were nearly the same height: but Cormac was more athletic than his cousin, Sidney more lythe and graceful than Cormac. The arrow, bearing its thread of crimson, sped its way, and the echoes of the narrow pass over which the castle hung took up the blast of the horn; now whispering, now ringing forth the long-drawn note in many varied tones—tones, so varied, that both youths held their breath, lest they should miss the slightest sound.

"Well blown! well shot!" said Cormac, after the last intonation had died upon the air. "By my word, it leads me to believe the strange stories of our Lake Region, when such a note is repeated in so many modulations. My arrow may have struck some Dryad to a tree; it passed the ash."

"It would be sure to do so," said Sidney; "the ash is a charmed tree."

"And you to tell me that with a grave face," answered Cormac. "You so wise! you to have faith in old wives' tales! I remember the pleasure you took, long ago, in hearing about Lake horses and Phookas, and 'Our Cousin O'DONOGHUE,' as my stately mother calls him—O'Donoghue, who, every May morning, rises from his palace, ten thousand fathoms deep, and rides over the Lake, attended by bevies of sylphs and fairies. I never could listen with patience to such legends, much less believe them.

"Nor I, exactly; but we hear much we do not believe, that, nevertheless, has for us a strange interest."

"Well, that is true. I am sure I remember the wild story that went through the country about little Eva Raymond. Was she not the child of one of your father's brother officers, Sidney."

"She was."

"I dare say," continued the loquacious Cormac, "she is not as pretty a child as she was."

"Child!" echoed Sidney, "she is fourteen this very Midsummer Eve."

"Well, that *is* a child, I am sure. Is the old story kept up?"

"Yes."

"And is she as closely guarded by the old Woodcutter as she used to be?"

"I believe so."

"And do the people make as great a fuss about her as they did at first?"

"She has grown so lovely," exclaimed Sidney, in a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "that strangers watch outside her cottage to see her shadow as it crosses the window; but after all, beauty, mere beauty, is the least of all her attractions. You should hear her sing, or even speak; and then you would know what music is!"

"And so, Master Sidney, you have been to Dovecote without my mother's knowledge."

"My father was her father's friend; it was only civil to call," was the reply as he turned away; but not before Cormac saw that he blushed like a girl at the mention of her lover's name.

"Luck, again!" he muttered.

"Luck! what luck! You forget that when we were here five years ago I used to go to the cottage frequently. I never thought you cared about her, and Lady Elizabeth does not visit Mrs. Raymond."

"After all, if my mother will not permit me to shoot, hunt, or boat, while we remain here, I shall be very glad, Sidney, to go with you to Dovecote."

"You know how particular your mother is, and how much she likes to maintain etiquette; you had better ask her sanction, Cormac."

Of course the high-spirited youth laughed at the suggestion. He thought of beauty less than most youths of his age, he had acquired conventional ideas at Eton, and believed rusticity and vulgarity synonymous terms. His English mother, Lady Elizabeth Talbot, considered she performed her duty to her tenants by visiting Ard-Flesk at intervals of five or six years, for two or three months at a time, "to keep up," as she pompously expressed it, "her son's knowledge of his people and inheritance." Sidney overrated, as all generous minds do, the kindness shown to him and to his kindred. He had been from childhood necessary to his cousin's happiness, and Lady Elizabeth permitted no one to thwart Cormac but herself. The beauty of Eva Raymond was rendered still more dangerous by the mystery believed to hover round her; but Lady Elizabeth held herself and all hers above such influences, and in the centre of the Lake country, while rowing upon its waters, beneath the very shadow of Ross Castle, on the lonely shore of Innisfallan, or passing through the deepest defiles of the savagely wild GAP OF DUNLOE, she delighted to express her disbelief in fairy lore and legend—

to say, what, even in my Saxon dwelling, as an ally of the "good people," I should not care to repeat. The effects of this imprudence were manifest in the nightly disturbance of her household; strange noises rattled through Ard-Flesk; sleep became a stranger to the inhabitants of certain portions of the castle; the dairymaid complained that the cream was "broken," and not a tythe of the butter yielded; the coachman, that his horses fell lame; the henwife, that the eggs were sucked; the butler vowed that "something" not only drank the wine, but left it running, as through a pin-hole; and once he staggered from the dim and vaulted cellar pale as a ghost, and said that his candle had been blown out as he unlocked the door, but that he had seen a number of quaint little creatures, no longer than his thumb, dressed in the strangest fashion; some wearing cocked hats and square-cut coats, running along the moonbeams that slanted upon a huge pipe of claret—some with flagons, others with outlandish bottles, others bearing vessels full of wine on their heads—all detected in the very act of ROBBING THE CELLAR; the lady's maid, whose little malignant person was so stiffened out that she suggested the idea of having been dipped in a bowl of starch and hung in the sun to dry, complained most bitterly that whenever she was going to sleep something tickled the sharp point of her nose with a nettle, and that, consequently, she had not closed her eyes for a fortnight; and what made this fact the more extraordinary was, that a simple country girl who slept with her, and whom she unmercifully fagged during the day, rested soundly and sweetly, despite the efforts to awaken her. Cormac's favourite hunter had been nearly ridden to death by the Phooka the night before he wanted it for the field, and more than once the powder in his flask had been found wet when he knew he had left it dry. Sidney had nothing to complain of; on the contrary, his pony, from having been a vicious ill-tempered beast, had become gentle as a lamb, and endowed with the affection and intelligence of a dog; his fly was sure to hook the finest salmon in lake or river, and the tenderest echoes repeated every note of his bugle. But Cormac and his mother, instead of endeavouring to propitiate the good people, who were

justly offended with much, both said and done, to their annoyance, accounted for everything in a mode so matter-of-fact, that they irritated the Fairies, as much by their obstinacy as by their contempt.

Lady Elizabeth was very particular and formal in all things connected with her toilet; draperies of the finest muslin, starred with gold, descended from her inlaid looking-glass; a cheval-glass stood at the right angle of her dressing-table to give effect to the profile and the figure, and cosmetics were carefully enshrined in boxes of filagree silver. She always dismissed her maid when her lappets were pinned on, and completed her adornments in solitude;—I should have written "repairs," rather than "adornments;"—the tint for the cheek, the pencil for the eyebrow, the pearl powder for the throat, were used in secret; but, of late, the stately lady has been so bewildered, that she had more than once applied the rouge to her eyebrows, and the black pomade of Ispahan to her cheeks!—she did it, and yet she knew it not! until the faithful mirror of the drawing-room undeceived her. Often, too, she would miss HER SPECTACLES, and after an hours search find them where they never could have been placed by her own hands; she had not seen the QUAINTLY ROBED PAGES, who had carried them away, even from her very nose.

Lady Elizabeth felt that her dignity was invaded by some malign influence she could not account for nor control. Fairies of air and earth form an estimate of human beings very different from that which human beings form of each other; their good opinions, and consequent services, are not to be bought by wealth or station; they love to succour the oppressed, and to clothe virtuous russet in shining light; they are a high-minded, independent race; and even if Lady Elizabeth had treated them with common courtesy—had permitted the bit of butter to be left on the lentel of the dairy—the first cup of wine drawn from the new pipe, to be poured on the floor of the buttery—the heifer's first pail of milk to be thrown inside the fairy-ring—I doubt if they in return would have permitted one who was "hard to the poor," and unfriendly to the Widow, to remain unannoyed at Ard-Flesk.

Cormac's curiosity had been roused by his cousin's few words of praise, so warmly given to Eva Raymond; and though he knew that Sidney's ideas of beauty did not correspond with his, he was seized with a desire to visit the young Lady of Dovecote; suddenly he remembered that his arrow had

flown in the direction of the cottage, and felt a wish to recover it; but at the moment the dressing-bell rang, and knowing how particular was his lady-mother, that a fit appearance should be made at the formal and prolonged meal, he postponed his search until the evening. After dinner, the Lady's steward craved audience, and the cousins were desired to remain until it was over. He told her that a man was lying under a tree, in her Ladyship's wood, ill of "the fever," with which he had been stricken; and he wished to know what her Ladyship would please to have done for him. Lady Elizabeth became angry, and desired he should go away; and the steward said he was not able to go; but that it was the custom of the gentry, when poor creatures were fever-stricken, to order a hut or shed to be placed over them, and he wished to know, as the man was in her wood, would she permit him to erect a little shed for his shelter; and Lady Elizabeth declared "No!" that he ought to be punished, not protected, and was sorely displeased with the steward; but he was an old servant, and feared not to speak his mind. He said the man had been seized in the night by "the sickness," and repeated that, even if he could, he would not move, lest others might suffer by his visitation. Lady Elizabeth said she supposed he was a poacher, or some fellow of bad character, to be in her wood at night, but that he must go home, or to prison. The youths looked at each other, and Cormac did say it was hard to send a poor fellow to jail for having a fever. "He is no poacher, my Lady," added the steward; "and, indeed, I may say he *is* at home; for his life is spent, innocent-like, among the woods and hills; he has winter shelter, in a summer-house, a kind lady gave him to live in, but the creature's prayer is that she may not hear he is sick, for fear she should come and see him: his moans are woful. I hope your honour's Ladyship will not go against the custom of the country, but give shelter, for the love of God."

"I am sure it is Randy the Woodcutter!" exclaimed Sidney; "do, dear Aunt, let me entreat, with old Matthew, that he may be sheltered; he saved my life once from a red-deer on Glena—a brave old fellow: the deer followed me furiously, but when Randy appeared, went away as gentle as a lamb. We both remember him, Cormac." The young men united their entreaties, but Lady Elizabeth continued inexorable; she talked a great deal, declared her belief that illness, particularly fever, and more particularly than all, Irish fever, was sent as a punishment to the poor for being idle; consequently only the idle got the fever. She showed, to her own satisfaction, that industrious folk were always healthy; she had examined the state of the country, during her visits, of a month at a time, every five or six years, and taken great pains to point out to them what they ought to do to improve their minds and clothe their bodies; and that their declaring they had no means to do as she bade them, was the consequence of laziness.

"What a fool I was to tell her Ladyship anything about it," said old Matthew, after he left the room; "I'd as soon lose my life as try to move him against his will; and he'll perish where he is. Oh, then, what business at all have those in Ireland who have no heart for the SICK AND POOR!"

In less than half-an-hour after this little scene, the cousins left the hall, Cormac carrying his gun, and warm as the weather was, Sidney threw his cloak over his arm: it was as fragrant, as glowing, and as balmy an evening, as ever Midsummer brought upon its wings; every bird, and bee, and flower, rejoiced; the refreshing dews still hovered over the earth they would bless with a long draught of love before the morning came; at times, the lads encountered a current of air so laden with heat, that they said it might rain and thunder ere the next day's noon; and then they hurried on, with lightsome steps, and, after a time, with lighter hearts, for Lady Elizabeth's harshness was painful to think upon, and Sidney loved her so well, that he could not bear to believe her guilty of unworthy actions; and he continually repeated to himself, "she is afraid of fever on our accounts—that is all—that must be all; she has been so very kind to me." And as he thought this grateful thought, all things around him, all things he looked upon, increased sevenfold in beauty. Away they went, and soon their jests and merry laughter set the echoes dancing above them; the shadows of the trees crossed into a most fantastic pavement the grass upon which they trod; and once, as Cormac raised his gun to bring down a golden-billed blackbird, that was seated just above his brown mate in a hawthorn bush, the bird broke into such a gush of music, that he let his piece fall, and met Sidney's earnest look with a smile as bright as the blackbird's whistle was loud. "It would," he exclaimed, "it would have been downright murder—it was so like saying, 'could you do it!'" On they went; how the rabbits scudded before them; the hare started from her form; the burley cockchaffer struck against their hats, and their faces were netted by the tracery of the gossamer spider; while at intervals the belling of the red-deer sounded far, far away.

"Are you sure we have got on the right track," he said, at last.

"Yes," replied Sidney, "I have noted every tree and turn as the Steward told me. I really think, Cormac, you had better come no farther, for here is what they call the 'Weary Well,' and this turn to the right will bring us to the river—look—there is the bridge. With me it is a part of duty to see the poor fellow; he never did for you—what he did for me." They proceeded onwards, however, and at the next turn, before either spoke again, they stopped involuntarily, for two overhanging trees formed a frame-work, into which a most exquisite bit of lake and mountain was set as in a picture-frame. The most luxuriant foliage dipped into the water; fold upon fold of trees of various hues, of which they saw but the topmost branches, made the mountain base appear a continuation of gigantic garlands, while towards the summit, one pile of rocks against another, stood out against the sky. The youths knew the islands underneath by name, and whispered them to each other; for the scene was so still and lovely that they did not dare disturb it by the sound of even low voices. At length they turned away.

"How can my aunt leave a scene like this, for the pent-up life of a crowded city?" asked Sidney.

"It is certainly beautiful," replied Cormac; "but the misery of the people is its blight!"

"It would vanish as it does elsewhere, if you were always at home," said Sidney; "but look—here is the tree. Now, Cormac, go no farther. If you were to take this fever I should never forgive myself: back, dear Cormac."

"I will not go back," replied Cormac. "If my mother will not, it is my duty to protect him." And, despite his cousin's entreaties, he continued to walk by his side, until their progress was arrested by the sound of voices in conversation. "Hush!" exclaimed Sidney, and his countenance changed from its usually calm expression to one of trembling eagerness and joy. "Hush! she is here—SHE has found him!" Cormac followed silently, until Sidney paused.

The Woodcutter supported himself on his elbow, beneath the shade of one of those gigantic laurels that grow only in the Lake country, and mingled the most earnest entreaties, that Eva would leave him, with prophetic warnings as to the care she ought to take of herself; while, little heeding

his words, having drawn a large branch to the ground, and secured it by a long sash, she draped a shawl so as to protect him from the night-dew. No

description could convey an idea of the ease and buoyancy of her movements, or the gracious and tender expressions by which she entreated the poor sufferer to lie down upon the pillow of heather she had heaped for his relief. Exercise and anxiety had imparted a glow to her usually pale complexion; and, though her words were full of cheerfulness and hope, her eyes frequently over-flowed with tears, and her voice was broken like that of a nightingale when it laments the passing away of spring.

"I'm safe enough, darling of your mother's heart! jewel of the mountains! and the only fear I have—mavourneen deelish!—is that you'll come to harm through the sickness that is over me. Oh, then, how did you hear it at all?"

"I missed you in the morning, and my mother thought you were long coming. I asked all I met if they had seen you; and when I heard where you were I came at once. Do not fear for me. I have sate from night till morn, watching by the side of poor fever-stricken people, and never felt an ache; never has weariness been upon my eyelids. Now I will go; but will return ere the moon rises."

"Stop—" exclaimed the Woodcutter; "stop—as you value my everlasting rest, as you value your mother's love, as you value your own life, come not back to me to-night. Don't you remember this time seven years—don't you mind since? But you don't! you dont! The knowledge and the trials are on *me;* you can't see them—so best. They hunted me down with the fever-hound—the fleshless yellow dog, with the open mouth—the swift of foot, of the hot blighting breath, that preys on fresh graves, and carries the pestilence through sleeping towns into the mountains! I was gathering herbs by the Weary Well when he got up with me, and I ran; but he ran me down here—your poor Randy, jewel! Aye!—I see ye!—midges you seem to her," he continued, looking upwards, "I see ye, capering and facemaking; I know and serve your masters! Hurt but a hair of her head, and how long will ye get leave to sow toadstools on the woodpaths, and dance your lanterns over shaking bogs! Oh, you're all of the same family.—Don't go near water, avourneen—don't—there's plenty of kind Christians will build a shelter over the Woodcutter!—Go home, Miss Eva: to think, this blessed day, of your coming to look after a poor wandering creature! See, I'll lie down like a lamb, as you tell me; but do not come back—I'll be spared, a lanna—I'll be spared! There's some will work good for me this blessed night; but if not, Miss Eva—well, I won't say it—only don't cry—don't—or the Kelpie will be gathering your tears, and setting them for jewels in her crown."

"Let us offer to assist them," whispered Cormac to Sidney.

"No, no, murmured his cousin. "No; wait till she goes, and then I will give him the medicine, and cover him with my cloak."

"But why? I want to speak to her," persisted Cormac, impatiently.

"You may catch the fever; besides, would you not rather look at, than speak to her?" answered the trembling Sidney; and then he seized Cormac's arm to prevent his discovering himself; while, so great was his emotion, that his cousin for a moment believed he had caught the distemper that already shattered the Woodcutter's wits.

Eva had vanished like a vision; and Sidney stood by Randy's heather couch; the poor fellow knew him at once, but, instead of thanking him for his kindness and charity, he implored him to follow and protect Eva Raymond.—"There was as good as a thousand dancing here while she was in it," he said, rapidly, "and now they're clean gone;—its after her they are!—keep her from water, and the Plank-bridge; see her by the wood-road safe to her mother's side: tell her I sent *you*—not him—not him," he continued, pointing with seeming abhorrence to where Cormac at a little distance stood;—"NOT HIM!—I see things—evil things—whispering him—now, as he stands—I see!—Oh, my grief!—to be so tortured with the knowledge of what I can't hinder;" and he covered his face with his hands. "Away," he added, "and at once;—I don't want cloak or cover;—faith in her safety will be my saving;—away!" Well the Woodcutter knew that he was not left without protection: one of the most skilful herbalists of Fairy Land was left to guard him; and, lest he should grow sleepy with long watching, a gentle and loving fay was ordered to attend and keep him to his duty.

Sidney, who, when Eva was in sight, lacked the courage to address her, the moment she was gone felt the most intense desire to follow. He had not confided to his cousin that many times since their return he had watched and waited to see her curtain withdrawn at day-break by her small white hand—to hear her voice answer the birds in their matin song—to gather the rose leaves that fell from the flowers she had touched—to feel the ecstacy of breathing the air she breathed—to teach his pen her name, until if it did not obstinately refuse to write aught else, it would run on with such wild words, harmonizing so together, and expressing thoughts, and hopes, and fears, he never dared to frame upon his lips, that at last the silent, feeble instrument—the poor feather of a bird!—became his confidant, his cherished friend. He needed no second bidding from the Woodcutter. Cormac thought he was wild, and called to him for explanation, but received no reply; and, half-annoyed, he followed along the path, musing on the vision of beauty he had seen,—as he had never mused before; a sharp and bitter pang shot through his frame, when he remembered that Sidney had the privilege of looking upon Eva whenever he wished; that he had enjoyed such privilege without communicating it to him; he felt offended; angry and harsh thoughts arose in his mind against his cousin: in all the endowments bestowed by Nature upon her favourites, he knew Sidney was his superior; and until then his easy nature had been content to admit such superiority; but now—even already—he valued his own position and wealth as nothing worth, compared with the advantages possessed by his cousin. His ears, unaccustomed to the tones and dialect of his native country, had not caught the meaning of the Woodcutter's half-muttered words; yet suddenly the idea flashed upon him that Sidney had followed Eva, and he hastened his footsteps, hoping to overtake him. Urged by mysterious whisperings, his rapidity increased, until he rushed forward, careless of huge drops of rain that struck upon his brow, and the sudden gathering of a storm, which in the Lake country descends almost before its darkly spreading pall enshrouds the heavens. In a mere span of time, Nature had so completely changed her aspect, that the scene could only be recognised by its mighty landmarks; the lakes were a mass of heaving and leaden-coloured waters; fierce gusts of wind dashed down the ravines, like wild horses, confessing no master—the forests moaned heavily as their mighty heads bowed to *their* King of Terrors; the sharp pinnacles of the mountains speared the clouds which hung in fantastic forms around brows that would not be capped by a perishing vapour; the sheet lightning, at one moment, descended as a broad and shining pennon upon the waters; the next, the sublimely awful instrument of Almighty vengeance darted from the seething clouds, and appeared ere the deep and heavy thunder lumbered forth the slow announcement that it was about to run its course. There was something so startling in the sudden outbreak that Cormac paused, and viewed the scene in wonder at its singular magnificence; the pent-up rain had not yet mingled with the lightning; its violence was suspended over the earth, upon which the surcharged clouds prepared to descend in overwhelming force. Suddenly he heard a scream—a shriek—so sharp as to seem supernatural; and, looking up, he saw an eagle floating amid the storm, as if its delight was in the elemental war that filled all other created things with terror. Just beneath where the bird now rose—now descended—Cormac perceived that a gully, half-river, half-lake, was crossed by a fragile plank, rendered almost unnecessary in dry weather, by the huge stepping-stones which broke the water into a thousand dimpling eddies; the recent summer rains had filled the channel to overflowing, and as it was within a few yards of the Lake, it tumbled violently over every obstacle, and uplifted its waters against the little bridge, that showed like a thread over the whirling cauldron. An artist would

have deemed its white foam a graceful foreground to the purple hue of the mountain that rose beyond the dark lake to which the narrow but impetuous torrent was hastening; and while something of the same idea passed through Cormac's mind, he saw Eva Raymond move from the shelter of the overhanging bank, and step with modest fearlessness upon the plank,—intending to reach Dovecote by the pass of the Plank-bridge,—the very bridge of which the Woodcutter had warned Sidney. To his unspeakable horror, Cormac distinctly saw the plank raised, by the force of the waters; yet still she moved as calmly on, as if walking on her mother's lawn. He was a long way above her, yet he shouted to her of peril;—in reply, he heard again the scream of the eagle: and felt

that no voice could reach her ear. At once, he dashed down the path that commanded a view of the perilous pass. Suddenly, he saw Sidney risking his life on the fragile plank; and, though convinced that the maiden's chance of safety was increased tenfold, it was like a blast of the lightning on his brow, to note him there. Sidney stretched his arms imploringly towards her, and she, half-turning, waved her hand to him, as regardless of danger as if unconscious of its existence:—one huge swell, yellow and frothy, curled around the plank:—the fragile bridge heaved in the air, and in an instant—almost as rapidly as thought—both, both so full of life, had disappeared! How the elements warred above them, and how the cruel waters hurried them towards the lake; but Sidney struggled bravely, for he struggled for more than his own life! He gained a rock!—he stood upon it in safety—he was saved! but it was only to gaze into the waters, and then dive into their depths for the treasure they held back. Cormac remained powerless upon the bank that overhung the fatal spot where both had disappeared:—there was no vestige of the plank, no indication even of where it had rested; but the river boiled over at his feet. Suddenly, he heard his name called; it was Sidney's voice! he sprang in half-delirious ecstacy to the place from whence it came; and there, battling the strong and angry current, he saw his cousin, one arm wreathed round Eva, while, with the other, he had just clutched the strong bough of a tree, which overhung the stream. It

seemed from the moment Sidney grasped it, that the torrent played less fiercely round them; or it might be that his strength had returned, for, almost without Cormac's assistance, he drew the delicate form of the fair girl upon the bank.

"Your old luck, Sidney," whispered Cormac, as he bent over her. "She recovers."

Eva Raymond was restored to consciousness much more rapidly than they could have expected; the cousins seemed unable to render her any assistance, though both were filled with the deepest anxiety; so intense was their watching, that the tempest subsided without their observing how rapidly it ceased in the valleys, and how swiftly it passed from the mountain tops. As she returned, in her dripping garments, to Dovecote, the trees were laden with rain-drops, and the fragrant thyme, sent up its perfume as incense to her footsteps; night forbore to perplex her with its shadows; and the very air vibrated with joy at her preservation; the lakes had resumed their tranquillity; and Nature seemed again at peace. Cormac endeavoured to entertain her with Eton jests, and the pleasures of a city life: and talked lightly, as youths of small sympathies often do. Sidney spoke little; his care being to remove every bur and bramble from her path. She replied to Cormac, but thanked Sidney by looks rather than words, until after a few minutes' shelter in her fond mother's arms, amid tears and blushes, she presented him as her preserver.

Meanwhile, Randy remained on his heather couch, incapable of rendering assistance to himself or others. The rain did not penetrate the shelter which the forest leaves afforded; he muttered to himself fables and scraps of old songs, until at last he slept. As the night waned, the Woodcutter was shown the murkiness and despair that reigned in the Kelpie's palace beneath the waters of the Upper Lake. He saw the Queen cast herself upon the steps of her throne, and, for a time, none of the dwellers of that dark region dared to offer her consolation; at last her favourite lizard presumed to lick her hand, and the most musical of her frogs croaked forth a song of solace on his reedy harp. But this, instead of soothing, seemed to drive her to desperation; she vowed never again to meet the Queens in amity—she entreated all bad spirits to join her in luring the Child of Earth to her destruction. The distorted creatures of her court trembled as her fiery eyes rested upon them, for well they knew she would soon devote them to the vengeance that demanded sacrifice. The turmoil was terrible; a fierce war between THE IMPS, HER PAGES, AND THE FROGS, HER STEEDS, restored her to partial self-command; and after having bathed her swollen eyes in a decoction of the poisonous mandrake, she gave ear to the councils of her Nurse, who had rare experience in all wicked mysteries, having been created of the slime of the waters of the Nile, as it lay upon the land of Egypt; she blamed her darling for periling her liberty against a whim. But while she grimaced and gesticulated the vision became confused; the Woodcutter's sight was disturbed by the flapping of the wings of monstrous bats, and the spectre dance of marrowless bones that had lain beneath the old Weir bridge, and in the charnels of Mucross and Aghadoe for centuries; the roar of cataracts was in his ears, and he felt himself hurled forward into the depths of O'Sullivan's cascade; and then he called on Nightstar, and asked why she had deserted him? And the sound of the oozing waters melted away, and the forms of the Kelpies became dim and pale, until a vapour, formed of fading rainbows, where all the hues were blended into one another, in most delicate harmony, shut out the evil sights of evil spirits: and a strain of melancholy music encircled him on every side, so unlike the usual music of Fairy Land, that he hardly recognised its source, until—not commanding the revels, as in past times—not bandying repartee with Honeybell—nor enjoying the frolics of Puck—

nor leading the mystic dance of Midsummer—nor excited to laughter or mirth—he saw the QUEENS DESCENDING ON THE WINGS OF A BAT and when they had stepped upon earth, he recognised Nightstar absolutely weeping, as she reproached Honeybell for her carelessness of Eva at that eventful time.

Honeybell seemed intent on extracting the one drop of sweetness from the trumpet-like tube of the woodbine, and then cast the half-crushed blossom to the great bee, who turned it over with his trunk, and thought how very wasteful great ladies were of the good things that fell to them. She listened with more than her usual pout to the remonstrances of Nightstar; whose words fell as sadly as softly from her lips. "I do not think," she said, "of the misery yonder fiend of the waters has cost me. I know her enmity, and can meet and overcome it. She has cast my trusty servant upon a bed of sickness; it shall be the renewal of his youth. She endangered the liberty and life of my well-beloved; it will end in her own banishment and slavery; but you, Honeybell, to tamper with Eva—you to thwart me thus! What should the child know of the love that frivolous mortals dally with—the very scum of the passion of noble souls?"

"You live so much in the upper air, sister," replied Honeybell, peevishly, "that you lose all sympathies with the beings of earth."

"Not so; I seek their elevation. I honour LOVE from its first dawning upon the world to the very last, when it will triumph over all perishable things. Had I not deemed it the worthiest of all boons, would I have endowed her with it? But the bud should not be forced to blossom before its time: the hearts as well as the heads of these poor mortals need ripening. Troubled as I am with many cares for the good of others——"

"That makes you so exciteable, my dear Queen," interrupted Honeybell. "I remember when you enjoyed your existence as much as I do mine."

"I enjoy it more than ever now," replied Nightstar; "we, my royal sister, have higher motives than sipping sweets from flowers, or passing time in mere idle frolics in the moonlight. I notice my anxieties but to excuse my frequent absence from Eva's pillow. I have been passing from one country to another, but would not have consigned to your care, either my adopted child, or my faithful partisan, had I thought you would have deserted the one, or played with the feelings of the other; not only have you whispered follies into Eva's ear, but you have perverted, by your worldliness, her mother's nature. See I not at this very moment, when her child is sleeping under the influence of my surest spells, that she is weighing the merits of the brave, the true, the earnest, the faithful youth, who, poor though she believes him, has *that* within him which never failed to achieve the highest honours your earthly world can give; yet she—a mother—a good and tender one—with the face of her precious child lighting up her darkness—even she rates these high qualities at scarce a feather's weight, and absolutely, though unconsciously, regrets that her child's life was not saved by the sensual Cormac, rather than the high-hearted Sidney!—Now, mark you, Honeybell, it is not because the red fluid runs in unequal currents through their young veins, for Sidney has as many far off ancestors as Cormac.—But this usually wise and good, and always tender mother, bends to the worn out coronet that glitters on the cramped and narrow brow of an earl's daughter! This is your teaching, Honeybell."

"I respect the aristocracy," she exclaimed.

"And so do I," replied Nightstar; "many of my greatest favourites are numbered among its daughters—I have scores under my protection who have never heard my name, whom I shield from worldly influences and their contaminations—and who are pure as they are beautiful."

Honeybell felt inclined to sneer; but the earnestness of her royal sister was so lofty and true, that she turned away her face.

"But Nature," continued Nightstar, "has its nobles, as well as antiquity and rank. I honour the self-created glories of mind."

"I know all that, my dear sister," again interposed Honeybell; "and so do we all—at least it has become the fashion of late to *say* so; but instead of finding fault with me, as you have done, I expected a public vote of thanks for my good management. Two lovers secured to a little village damsel—and two such lovers! either sufficient, in four or five of our hours—which they call years—to set a palace in a ferment!—What do you want for your adopted? A young girl's heart, vibrating between lovers, is pretty sport to me; but if you look angry and come to *that*, I think I have as good a *right* as you have, to suggest what I please to Eva. Disturbances seem rife in fairy land about this young mortal!"

"Honeybell!" exclaimed Nightstar, reproachfully, "do you not remember you generously gave her up to me?"

"Well, perhaps I did," replied the vacillating Queen; "and a troublesome gift she is likely to prove—particularly when in love."

"In love!" repeated Nightstar. "Really, Queen, I did not think you could have used a phrase so vulgar. Oh, sister, sister! see you not the difference between loving and being (as gross mortals call it) in love?"

"You are too refined for me!" exclaimed her sister, impatiently; "and I am so weary, and the night is so fine, that really all I can do is to consign her at once to your superior management! Cannot you render her and hers oblivious of the past, and my elves shall unite with yours in driving the Talbots out of the country."

"The high-born and wealthy are far too ready to leave it," replied Nightstar; "and you know I have no power to erase a blot from the living heart—to render an immortal mind oblivious! But my poor Woodcutter at this moment is thinking a fable that may teach even me——how dark buds become bright blossoms—and"

Randy was so delighted to think that the Queen should have commended his invention, that he started wildly up, and saw Sidney Talbot bending over him."

"How long and how soundly you have slept, and how refreshed you look," was the youth's salutation, as he stood in the full glory of the rising sun.

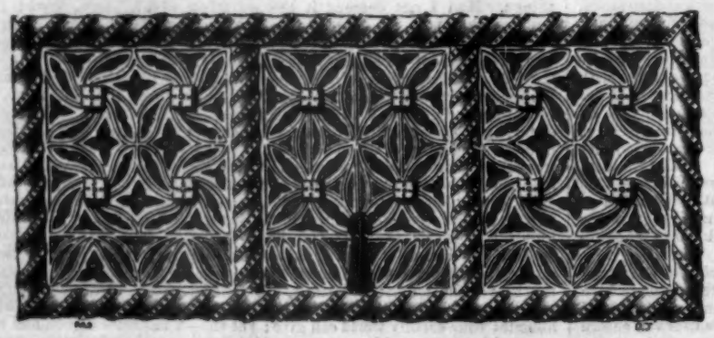
"Slept! Master Sidney!" repeated the Woodcutter; "never a wink was over my eyes since I parted you.—You're lucky born, sir. I told you *that* many a long day ago, and I tell it you again—lucky! There's high fortune before you—far off to be sure, but still there. Well, its often I've seen it; the dark bud opens into the brightest blossom—'sleeping,' its little sleep the Woodcutter ever gets between them all; but it's all for good; and you'll have grate luck, Master Sidney!"

TERMS IN ARCHITECTURE.*

In 1836 appeared the first edition of this work; it was then a single volume,—having been increased with every new edition, until it now consists of three large octavos, containing a vast fund of information on all the technicalities of Architecture, and abundantly illustrated by eleven hundred woodcuts of most careful and beautiful execution; the third volume embracing thirty-nine plates of additional examples from Britton's "Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages." With such a store of information, so copiously illustrated by specimens from all parts of England as well as the Continent, the success of the work cannot be wondered at, while the augmented improvements of each edition make the latest indispensable to every good library.

The specimens we are now enabled to offer of the illustrations to this work, will abundantly testify its value, and show that their beauty is as remarkable as their applicability. The examples of locks here given are pleasing instances of the

artistic taste of the artizans in the Middle Ages, who always rendered elegant the apparently insignificant and necessary articles of life, now too frequently considered as merely intended for use, and constructed as if unworthy of thought. The appended specimen is copied from a lock on one of the doors of Rouen Cathedral. But we need not leave our own land to see one equally beautiful. Witness our next cut—of that of St. George's Chapel, Windsor; no finer example of



rich workmanship and elaborate pattern exists. It is not alone in ironwork, but in most of the necessary arts, that similar beauties appear; and this is particularly conspicuous in the varied examples of all kinds scattered through these interesting volumes; we may particularly mention the richly-carved wooden chests in Plate 31; the hinges, Plate 65; the knockers Plate 69; the letterns or reading desks, Plate 71; the panels, Plate 95, and the finely carved pews, of which a series are given. This variety of invention struck us especially in one instance, that of Chimneys, now an unsightly common place addition to a building; but a varied and ornamental one in the Middle Ages, and, as an example of the style of the book, we cannot do better than quote the article with its illustrative cuts. It will at once show the mode in which the letter press is written, and the manner in which it is illustrated.

"Chimney, a term not originally restricted to the shaft of the chimney, but including the fire-place. There does not appear to be any evidence of the use of chimney-shafts in England prior to the twelfth century. In Rochester Castle, which is in all probability the work of W. Corbyle, about 1130, there are complete fire-places with semicircular backs; and a shaft in each joint supporting a semicircular arch over the opening, which is enriched with the zig-zag moulding; some of these project slightly from the wall; the flues, however, go only a few feet up in the thickness of the wall, and are then turned at the back, the apertures being small oblong holes. At the Castle Hedingham, Essex, which is about the same date, there are fire-places and chimneys of a similar kind. A few years later, the improvement of carrying the flue up through the whole height of the wall appears, as at Christ Church, Hants; the Keep at Newcastle; Sherborne Castle, Dorsetshire; Conisborough Castle, Yorkshire; and Boothby Pagnell, Lincolnshire. The early chimney-shafts are of considerable height, and circular; afterwards they assumed a great variety of forms, and during the fourteenth century they are frequently extremely short. Previous to the sixteenth century the shaft is often short, and not unfrequently terminated by a spire or pinnacle, usually of rather low proportions, having apertures of various forms under and sometimes in it, for the escape of the smoke; there are also taller shafts of various

Chepstow Castle.

Burford, Oxon.

Sherborne, Dorset.

* "A Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture. Fourth edition enlarged." Oxford: J. H. Parker.

forms, square, octangular, or circular, surmounted with a cornice, forming a sort of capitol, the smoke issuing from the top. Clustered chimney-shafts do not appear until rather late in the fifteenth century; afterwards they became very common, and were frequently highly ornamented, especially when of brick."

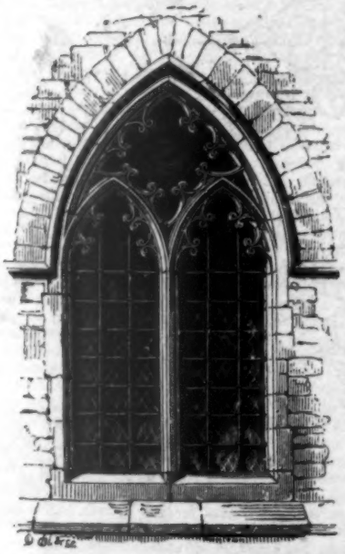
Tisbury, Wilts.

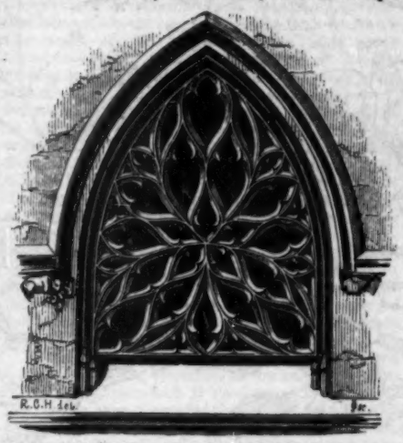
The roofs of houses of the better class in the middle ages, were much more picturesque than at present, with heraldic vanes, open lead or iron worn on the ridges, and elegant fenials at the angles. The windows in the roof are also effective and elegant, and many fine examples are seen in continental architecture. The example here given is from Chapel Cleeve, Somerset, the date about 1350, and the accompanying letter-press is a good example of the simple and useful style of the Glossary:—

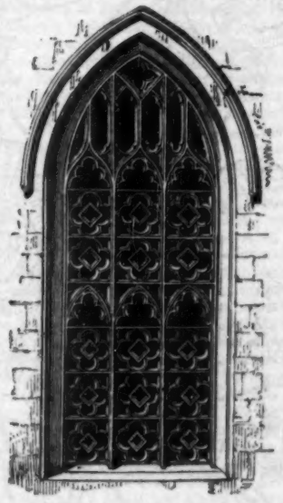
"DORMER, DORMER-WINDOW:—Ital. *Abbiano:* a window pierced thro' a sloping roof, and placed in a small gable which rises on the side of the roof. There do not appear to be any dormers now existing of an earlier date than the middle of the fourteenth century."

It would occupy far more space than we can devote to the subject, to introduce even the illustrations which accompany any single branch of the multifarious contents; but the few we do give will suffice to serve as "samples of the whole."

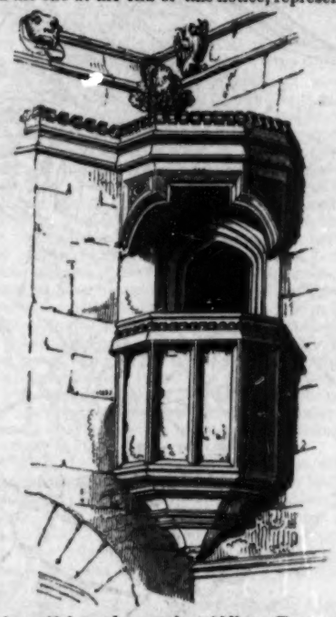
The subject of windows in general, furnishes us with some very varied and beautiful examples, a few of which we are here by the courtesy of the publisher enabled to present to our readers. The first and earliest in point of date is at Solihull, Warwickshire, and bears date about 1280. It is an exceedingly beautiful specimen of the transition period from early English to the decorated style. Our next example from Falaise in Normandy, exhibits a magnificent specimen of the elegant flow of tracery in the flamboyant style, when geometric patterns of the most intricate design, and as varied as the figures of a kaleidoscope, became common in Gothic tracery. The later perpindicular, exhibits far less of this easy flow of line; but it is susceptible of much richness; but perhaps the most florid example is that of Huish Episcopi, Somersetshire, about A.D. 1450; but which however rich in decoration, could but have cast a very "dim religious light."





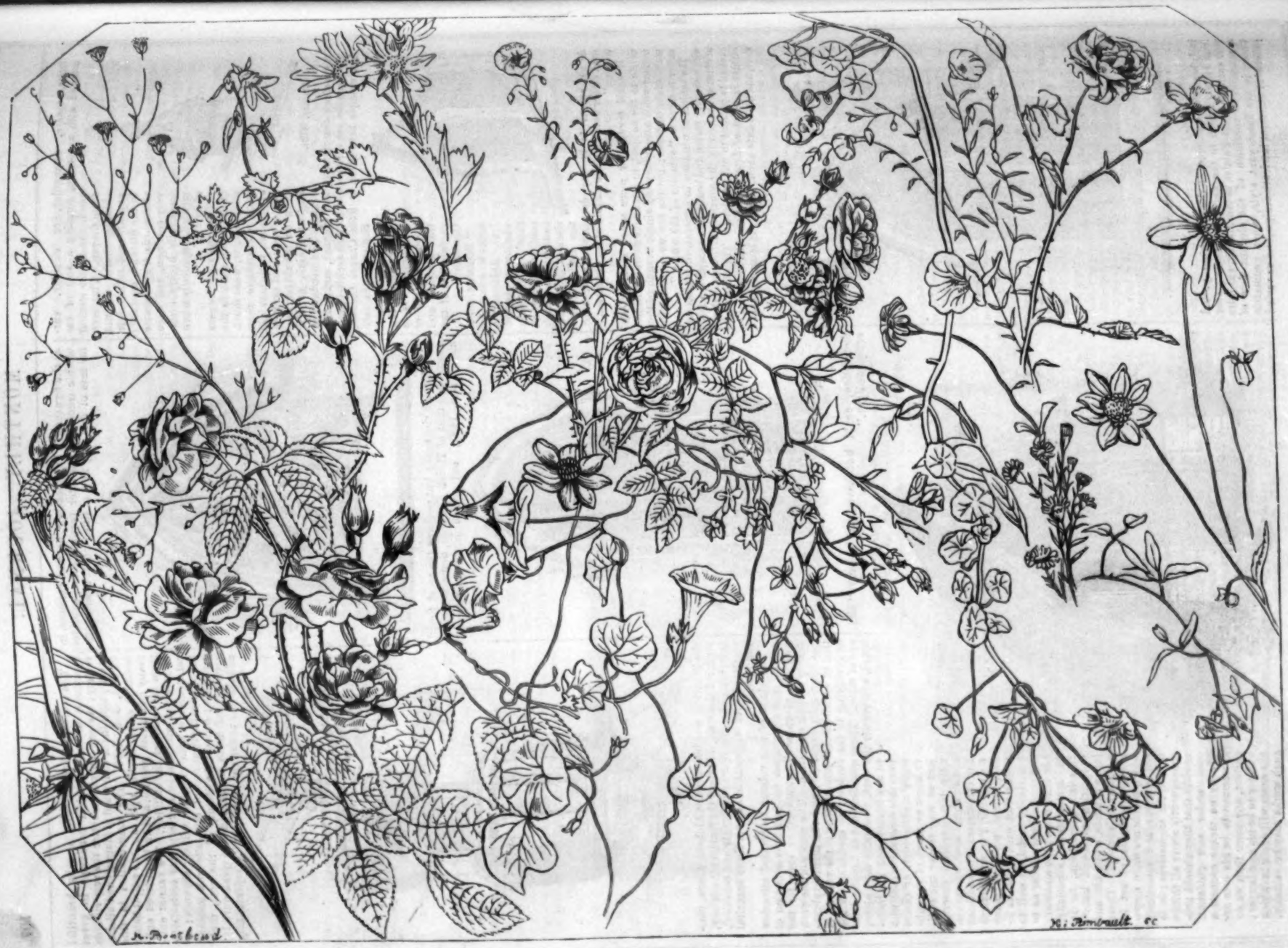


The volume abounds with equally beautiful specimens of ecclesiastical ornament in great variety; we can only here notice the very curious stone pulpit in the courtyard of Magdalene College, Oxford, A.D. 1480. The congregation in this instance stood in the open air, the pulpit being many feet above ground, and to be entered only from the inside of the building. We cannot enumerate the many curious examples of ecclesiastical structure, with which the volume abounds; or the many illustrations of domestic and military erections; but of the beauty of the cuts, their accuracy and finish, we feel bound to speak warmly, and the one at the end of this notice, representing



the beautiful wooden porch at Aldham, Essex, constructed about the middle of the fourteenth century, is but one of many equally elaborate and beautiful, scattered with a liberal hand over these beautiful volumes.

The claim of this volume to general attention results, not alone from the judicious selection of subjects, given as illustrations, or even for the beauty of their execution. The *utility* of the work has been fully cared for, and the lucid explanation of architectural phraseology; the volume is as gratifying to the student, as creditable to the eye of taste. These qualifications so happily combined, will render the work a valuable acquisition to any library, and an indispensable companion to all who study architecture, or desire to know as much of the subject as may render the ordinary topographical descriptions clear and agreeable. For completeness it is without a rival. Mr. Parker of Oxford has, indeed, produced many works that cannot fail to be practically useful, as well to the professional scholar as to the student and the amateur; in architecture, especially, this is a great boon, for in proportion as sound knowledge extends, will truth and accuracy be ensured. There are few branches of art in which people are more disposed to think, and sometimes to act, for themselves; it is consequently above all things needful that they should proceed under safe guidance. We by no means counsel a gentleman to be his own architect, any more than we do a suitor to be his own lawyer; but cases will occur in which such works may be valuable.



THE FLOWER-GROUPS OF M. BRAUN.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON'S CONVERSAZIONE.—The President of the Royal Society held his first "season" *conversazione* on Saturday, the 13th of February. A more brilliant scene can scarcely be imagined; the guests consisted of between three and four hundred noblemen and gentlemen—men of high rank, and men who receive rank from talent—from "the Prince" to the comparatively humble man of letters, whose labours in the field of literature entitle him—at least in the estimation of the noble host—to the honourable distinction. Such events are absolute refreshments in this hard-working world; they recompense exertions for good; they repay intellectual labourers for the toil of anxious days and nights; they recognise mind as a position; and, without breaking the line which divides society into classes, they act as true *levellers*—by elevating one class without depressing another. In France, the principle has been long recognised; genius there confers dignity; and to have enlightened and benefited mankind supplies a passport to the salons of the highest; in England, however, it has been otherwise; and although, of late years, the Poet, the Painter, and the Philosopher have not been required to "stand in the halls" of great men, there has been far too little sympathy in private and actual life between the aristocracy of rank, and that of Letters, Science, and Art; while those who are climbing "the steep" that leads to fame have been overlooked entirely. It was most gratifying, and most encouraging, to meet in the mansion of Lord Northampton, with men of loftiest stations—men whose talents receive homage; and to find the host as much "at home" with the one as with the other. It would occupy too much space to print a list of the guests: we may, however, record the names of the artists present:—Turner, E. Landseer, Sir W. Ross, Roberts, Uwins, Wyon, Sir R. Westmacott, Reinagle, Pickersgill, Hart, E. M. Ward, S. Cooper, Redgrave, Prout, Dyce, Severn, Elmore, Partridge, and G. R. Ward. In the rooms were many curious and interesting objects of Science and Art; among others, some singularly beautiful and accurate electrotyped models by Mr. Cox; but the rooms were too crowded to take note of them—a difficulty we hope to remove on the occasion that comes next.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—A Special Committee of the Council was appointed to take into consideration, and report on, the addresses of Mr. Redgrave, A.R.A., Mr. Townsend, and Mr. Richardson; and some notices of motion by Mr. Bellenden Ker, therewith connected. The members of the Special Committee are, as we have already stated, Mr. Lefevre, Mr. Richmond, Mr. Ker, Mr. Hawes, M.P., Mr. Cockerill, R.A., Mr. Wyse, M.P., Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., Mr. Etty, R.A., and Mr. Gardiner. Several meetings have been held at the Board of Trade, and evidence on the Schools of Design has been received from Mr. Redgrave, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Horsley, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Lejeune, and Mr. Poynter. A great amount of information must therefore have been collected, from which the *report*—which is in preparation—will draw, it is to be presumed, very important deductions. At present it would be premature, and otherwise objectionable, to publish any part of the proceedings that have taken place; but when the report is printed, and the statements it contains may be made public, we shall, of course, pass it under detailed review.

WOOD CARVINGS.—On the evening of the 17th of February, a lecture was delivered in the Great Room of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, by Mr. Jordan, of the firm of Taylor, Jordan, and Co., of whose beautiful machinery for carving wood we gave a detailed description in one of the early numbers of last year. Since then, however, the variety and excellence of productions realized by their patent would almost exceed belief. There were distributed throughout the room, figures carved in the round, and compositions in relief, of extraordinary complicity and richness, as also works in various stages of progress, from the first rough cutting to the ultimate finish: and the whole of these examples remained in the rooms of the Society for inspection until the next lecture night. Mr. Jordan alluded to the inventions for carving by machinery, and explained the principal points of difference between these and his own patent. In these explanations he was assisted by diagrams, which showed the earlier machinery, and also the improvements whereby these beautiful carvings had been produced: as the floating table on which the model and the work is placed; and above these, in another arrangement, the tracer and the cutting tools. He also showed the superiority of this machinery, as possessing a multiplied power: for whereas, by other inventions for carving wood, no more than one copy was produced at once, two or more could be executed by one of these machines from the same model. Many of the works exhibited were most difficult of execution. One of these, which attracted much attention, was a brace of partridges, carved with extraordinary spirit; another was a very large fruit composition, remarkable for the delicacy of its carving and accurate undercutting; another, a basso-relievo, in figures, the excellence of which leaves no doubt that the most beautiful sculptural productions of this class may be copied with the most perfect success by means of this machinery.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.—The Committee have selected for illustration, by engravings on wood, "L'Allegro and Il Penseroso" of Milton—the volume to be presented (in lieu of a print) to the subscribers of 1848. We are quite sure the work will prove far more valuable and interesting than either of the published plates—that indeed a single leaf of it will prove more acceptable than the poor affair of 'Jephthah's Daughter'—and that a very large accession of subscribers for that year may be confidently looked for. This is but a step to improvements of still greater moment.

PRINCE ALBERT'S BILLIARD-TABLE.—An opportunity has been afforded us of inspecting a unique and elegant billiard-table, manufactured for Prince Albert, and from his own designs. The material of which it is made is slate, enamelled and beautifully painted in imitation of marbles of various kinds, porphyry, and scagliola, and forming the groundwork for ornaments in colours. The framework on which the table rests consists of two bands, or flat mouldings, of different widths; these are painted a dark shade first, and then with a continuous wreath of flowers and other decorations in the *rénaissance* style—the whole surmounted by a wide curved moulding of rosewood. It is supported by eight massive square pedestals, also of slate *marbled*. There is much taste exhibited throughout the designs, and the execution of the work does great credit to Messrs. Magnus, of the Pimlico Slate Works, the manufacturers, in whose establishment we also saw a variety of articles, such as chimney-pieces, tables, consoles, flower-stands, &c., suited to adorn any palace in the kingdom. The billiard-table is intended for Osborne House. It will be our duty ere long to examine and report upon this interesting establishment, in detail.

THE INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS has been removed from Russell-place, to 49, Great Marlborough-street, where the members are in possession of spacious rooms—sufficiently large for the *soirées* they are about to commence for the season. Recent desertions have materially lessened their numbers; but they are rapidly augmenting; and there have been many accessions of great value. We trust that prudence and judgment will preside at the councils, and that we may yet look for that benefit from the Society which it is very capable of giving.

MISS HARRISON, the sister of Mr. George Harrison, of whom we gave an "obituary" last month, has been elected an Associate Member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. A vacancy was created by the death of her brother. Her own talents are of a high order; she is, indeed, one of an accomplished family in Art; and the Society, with admirable feeling and delicacy, appointed her to the place vacated by the the loss of an estimable gentleman and excellent painter.

THE PASHA'S CANDELABRUM.—The magnificent candelabrum, of pure crystal glass, of which we gave an engraving and a description in the January number of the ART-UNION, is now in London—at Messrs. Osler's London Establishment, 44, Oxford-street, where it may be seen on application. For some days past, the room in which it is placed has been crowded with visitors, among whom have been persons of the highest rank—including his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel—and men distinguished in Literature, Science, and Art. It has excited the very highest admiration; a work more truly wonderful has never been produced by the manufacturers of any country. Our engraving conveys but a poor idea of the original; and it might have justified praise far higher than we gave it. In truth it is a perfect triumph of British Industrial Art.

PORTRAIT BY HOGARTH.—Mr. Carpenter, of Old Bond-street, has recently added to his already valuable collection of pictures a portrait of Margaret Woffington, or, as she was more familiarly called, "Peg Woffington." This lady, a distinguished actress during the middle of the last century, was highly esteemed by the lovers of the drama for her histrionic talent; and by the *literati* of the day for her wit and powers of conversation. She maintained a decided preference for the society of the opposite sex, and is said to have presided more than once at the meetings of the celebrated Beefsteak Club. On the stage "Peg" excelled in the higher walks of comedy; yet her representations of Cleopatra, Roxana, &c., showed considerable ability for the tragic muse. She was fond of appearing in male attire, and took her final leave of the public in 1757, in the character of Lothario; but resumed her female costume just to make her curtsy and bid farewell. While speaking the epilogue she was seized with paralysis, from which she never recovered, though she retained the unrivalled beauties of her face and person to the last. She kept her bed for three years, and died in 1760. The portrait referred to may be called a half-length recumbent figure, the pillows supporting her head, and the bedclothes (the lower portion of which is concealed by crimson drapery) drawn closely up to the neck. The face is all intelligence and life—a transcript of animated beauty, produced with an effect that is absolutely startling. We have no account of any such picture being executed by Hogarth, but there is no doubt of its authenticity, although it has been concealed for a long period.

PICTURE BY MICHAEL ANGELO.—An original painting by Michael Angelo has recently been bequeathed to the University of Oxford, by Mr. Fairholme, of Berwickshire, with directions that it be placed in the new gallery, where are now deposited the large collection of original drawings by this great artist and Raffaelle, formerly belonging to Sir T. Lawrence.

HILTON'S 'SIR CALEPINE.'—Shortly after the death of W. Hilton, R.A., a number of gentlemen raised a subscription among themselves, and purchased of the executors of the deceased artist one of his best pictures, representing 'Serena rescued by the Red-cross Knight, Sir Calepine.' This picture was then presented to the National Gallery. Unfortunately, some parts of it have been painted in a medium which has never properly hardened or dried, and one of the evil consequences has been that an eye of the female figure has slipped down a quarter of an inch, and there formed a perfect festoon in alto-relievo. On the 2nd of March, 1846, the Trustees of the National Gallery took into consideration the unsatisfactory condition of this picture, and Mr. Eastlake was requested to consult with Mr. Seguier, with respect to the best manner of restoring it. On the 6th of April following, Mr. Seguier replied by letter, saying that, having examined the picture by Hilton in the Gallery, he did not feel any confidence in being able to restore it. Under these unfavourable circumstances the picture has been for the present withdrawn, and hung upside down in one of the private apartments, in the hope that the eye may slide back to its proper position.

THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.—It is stated that Mr. Barry has intimated to the Marquis of Lansdowne that the House of Lords will be completed for the reception of their Lordships after the Easter recess, with the exception of the fresco paintings and the statues in the niches. The new House of Commons is not expected to be ready for some time. The Victoria Hall, at the south end, the Peers' Lobby, at the north end, and the corridors, are in a state of forwardness.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—On the evening of the 17th of last month, a paper by M. Claudet was read in the Great Room of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, descriptive of the progress hitherto, and the present state, of photography. We were glad of an opportunity of hearing the opinions and some account of the experience of M. Claudet, who must be regarded as one of the most enterprising of those who have ever devoted themselves to the science. It is now ten years since the discovery was first announced—and it is strange, but nevertheless true, that, with respect to the means

of commanding perfect success, they are still as indefinite as at first. The invention, in its crudest state and with all its imperfections, could not be otherwise than hailed as a boon to Art, and a wonder in science; but those ameliorations which ensue in cases of other inventions have not attended in this case the labours that have been exerted with that view. M. Claudet explained the respective value of the speculum and the prism, and the difficulties of meeting those obstacles to accuracy which yet oppose the progress of the operator. He illustrated, by means of diagrams, the results obtainable by the disposition of the plates at different distances; spoke of the degrees of sensitiveness of surfaces prepared with iodine, bromine, and chlorine; and explained the means adopted by himself to modify the light. This he effects by screens of black velvet, regulating its power as may be desirable. Of the results of his method we had opportunities of judging in one or two portraits which were more characteristic, round, substantial, and lifelike than any of the Daguerreotype productions we have ever seen. The heads were lighted in a manner to give them the utmost force, and, moreover, their general effect was most pleasing. "Improvement," said M. Claudet, "multiplied difficulties; but difficulties would only nurse the energies of those who were earnest in the cause of photography."

ANATOMICAL LECTURES.—A course of lectures are in progress of delivery at the studio of Mr. Lucy, in Albert-street, Mornington-crescent, by Mr. Marshall, which are especially addressed to artists as developing the causes of exterior form in the human body. The introductory lecture was delivered on the evening of the 1st of February, when the lecturer took occasion to dwell upon the importance to artists of a knowledge of anatomy, and to explain that his method of demonstration would be different from that usually pursued in lectures of this kind, inasmuch as—declining to speak of the muscles as they present themselves in given reticulations, nearer to, or further from, the entire surface of the body—he proposed to describe at once certain parts, as for instance the arm, and thus to proceed through the entire economy. It must be confessed that the usual method of lecturing is extremely embarrassing to students of Art, who would benefit much more by considering anatomy in reference to distinct parts, rather than to extensive surfaces, in which case, to follow the lecturer, a foreknowledge is necessary. He illustrated certain natural causes of peculiar expression, an ignorance of which is continually a fertile source of trouble and inconvenience to painters, and which are only to be explained by professional men. Of anatomy, English artists know too little; and indeed, as their opportunities are so limited for the acquisition of this valuable knowledge, we notice with much pleasure every effort made to promote its attainment—as indispensable to those who would draw the figure accurately.

WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.—We deeply deplore to record the death of this most excellent gentleman and accomplished artist; an event which took place on the 17th February—too late in the month for us to do more than notice the melancholy loss of one who will not be easily replaced, either in Art or in private life. A more excellent and upright man never lived. We hope to render justice to a memory—high among the worthiest that will be recorded in our age. His death, which arose from disease of the heart, had been long anticipated.

DOUGLAS MORISON.—This excellent artist, a member of the Society of Water Colours, known by his celebrated works and his views of Haddon Hall, &c., is also dead.

IN CHARTERING ART-UNION Societies, it appears the Board of Trade ordains that no prize-holder shall "sell his prize" within a year after he obtains it. This is, we submit, a very absurd arrangement; the provision is one that might be easily evaded; and if it were not, the seller being liable to such penalties, as *might* have been inflicted when there was no charter—who is to enforce them? Besides, it interferes with the highest and best of English privileges—the right of a man to do what he pleases with his own, provided that by the exercise of such right no one sustains injury.

STATUARY.—A most elegant piece of sculpture is now on view at Messrs. Graves', in Pall-mall—the work of Hiram Powers, the distinguished American sculptor, whose 'Greek Slave' we noticed some months back in the same room. The present work is a life-size figure of a young and naked 'Fisher-boy,' holding to his left ear a large shell, while in the right hand he carries a net. The attitude of the subject is very easy and graceful, the anatomy of the body correct, and the countenance deeply expressive. This admirable work of Art, which would do credit to any school, belongs, we understand, to Mr. Stephenson, the eminent engineer, who, seeing the model in the artist's studio at Florence, commissioned him to execute it in marble.

PAINTING ON GLASS.—A window of great beauty of design and execution has been completed by Mr. Wilmshurst, of No. 13, Foley-place, for the Cathedral of St. John, in the island of Antigua. The window consists of three divisions, of which the centre presents the figure of St. John holding the sacramental cup. The colours are green and crimson, which unite in an effect of infinite richness. The other two divisions show the field occupied by an Alhambresque design, in the centre of which appear the arms of the diocese, with those of the Bishop, Dr. Davis, the whole surrounded by a border composed of Christian emblems—the passion-flower, grapes, and ears of wheat—disposed with much taste and judgment. These designs, however, are not those first introduced by Mr. Wilmshurst for the window. The original drawings present the Crucifixion, as a centre composition; the two sides being occupied by figures—the Virgin holding the infant Saviour, and that of St. John which is now placed in the centre; and it is much to be regretted that these designs were not executed, as they would have formed a window of a character much superior to the work just finished.

SKETCHES IN INDIA.—We have been much gratified by inspecting, at Mr. M'Lean's, in the Haymarket, a series of extremely beautiful 'Sketches of Scenes and Scenery in British India, the Punjaub, and other Countries of Asia.' They are the work of the Hon. C. Hardinge, eldest son of the Governor-General, and are executed in a most masterly manner; indeed, we never remember to have seen any drawings by a mere amateur so full of artistic excellence, as regards freedom, spirit, and effect. We understand they will shortly be placed in the hands of Mr. J. D. Harding, to be lithographed for publication; there is, therefore, no doubt that a most interesting work will be placed before public.

BRITISH PAPER-HANGING.—Some specimens of paper-hangings have been submitted to us, by Mr. Robert Horne (late Horne and Allen), of Gracechurch-street, of a character so unquestionably excellent as to furnish strong proof of the wisdom of Sir Robert Peel's Tariff. When this apparently bold measure was passed under review, we expressed our confident belief that, instead of depressing, it would benefit British manufacture: this expectation has been already in part answered; and we have no doubt whatever that in course of time we shall witness its influence for good over every branch of British Industrial Art. One proof is before us: it consists of a copy of Murillo's picture of 'Boys with the Bread,' executed with so much artistic skill and freedom that, at a little distance, it resembles a good mezzotinto print—yet it is nothing but a specimen of paper-staining! The producer assures us of his entire conviction that, within a very short period, he will be able to rival the manufacturers of France not only in this particular class of the art—in which they have long been unapproached—but in all the other divisions of the fabric. We should enlarge more upon this interesting topic, but that probably we shall be hereafter in a condition to render it more ample justice.

THE STATUE OF THE DUKE.—Persevering efforts have been made by the Committee of the Duke of Rutland and Sir Frederick Trench to keep the Duke where he is—on the top of the arch, at Hyde-park-corner; but we trust and believe the public will be too strong for them. The Committee have, it appears, obtained the leave of the Woods and Forests to remove the whole of the scaffolding—to see how his Grace will then look—but under a promise to put it up again, for the final removal of the statue, provided it shall be then thought desirable. Of the issue there cannot be a doubt; but as this additional cost must lessen the amount subscribed, and so come, in reality, out of the sculptor's pocket, the Committee, as gentlemen, just men, and men of honour, are bound to reimburse him. It would be to their eternal disgrace to compel him to pay for their fiddle-faddling.

REPORTED GIFT OF A THOUSAND POUNDS.—An absurd statement has gone the round of the press, to the effect that a wealthy commoner had given Mr. Herbert a thousand pounds—for a portrait! The hint, it appears, was not taken. The gentleman in question has written to a Liverpool newspaper to contradict the statement.

THE DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY have published an interesting and very useful volume (small, and at the price of half-a-crown) of their "Papers and Transactions." We hope to notice it at some length hereafter.

THE REV. J. T. HEWLETT.—In the hope of aiding a subscription on behalf of the NINE orphans of this clergyman, we cannot do better than extract the following paragraph from our esteemed contemporary the "Literary Gazette":—"A fortnight ago, the death of Mr. Hewlett, the author of 'Peter Priggins,' 'College Life,' and other popular productions, was announced under painful circumstances. The melancholy event took place amid extreme destitution—a prey to legal severities, mental sufferings, and fatal disease. Poor Hewlett, with his fun and jests, let us cast one glance upon him on his deathbed, his abode in possession of the law, his pocket penniless, his nine children helpless, hopeless! what misery, what despair! He was buried at the expense of a Mason lodge to which he belonged; and we believe the same noble charity extended to the payment of the debt for which his effects were in execution. Need we, after this sad plain tale, invoke the benevolence of the humane to relieve the distress of his forlorn family? The subscription opened for them has been graciously aided by the Queen Dowager—an everlasting and inexhaustible fount of charitable feeling and help to the afflicted; and also by the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Llandaff, and other generous persons. But, though the appeal has been answered with kindness, it must require more extended sympathy to alleviate the wretchedness of this pitiable case. On its behalf we venture earnestly to solicit that sympathy: it will return in blessings on those who bestow it."

British Institution.—List of Pictures sold.

'On the Road between Leamington and Kenilworth,' P. Baker; Lord Charles Townsend, 12 gs. 'On the Thames.—Moonlight,' A. Gilbert; George C. Loftus, Esq., £10. 'Epstein Castle, in the Taunus Mountains,' G. C. Stanfield, Jun.; — Wheeler, Esq., 18 gs. 'Red Deer Reposing,' G. Giles, R.S.A.; — Wheeler, Esq., £12. 'Laying Eel-traps,' A. Gilbert; S. Colls, Esq., £3. 'Moonlight,' J. Holland; Charles Birch, Esq., 35 gs. 'Irish Courtship,' F. Goodall; S. Oxenham, Esq. 'The Holy Well,' F. Goodall; — Broderip, Esq. 'A Road through a Wood,' A. Vickers; S. C. Hall, Esq. 'Bay of Porto Maurizio,' E. W. Cooke; Charles Stokes, Esq. 'Evening,' H. Bright; Robertson Blaine, Esq. 'Welsh Mountain Scene,' H. Bright. 'Water Mill at Iffley, Oxon,' H. Bright. 'Martello Tower at Mintore, near Monaca,' E. W. Cooke. 'The Love-letter,' Thomas Mogford; £30. 'The Frugal Meal,' J. F. Herring; Robert Vernon, Esq., 60 gs. 'A Straw-yard,' J. F. Herring; 80 gs. 'Venice,' J. Holland. 'Recollections of Venice,' J. Holland. 'On the River Maas,' J. Holland. 'View on the Rhine,' Captain J. D. King; Rev. J. H. Randolph, £90. 'Market-place at Coutances,' David Roberts, R.A. 'On the Coast of Yorkshire,' A. Clint; £50. 'Shallow Streams,' T. Creswick, A.R.A.; — Musgrave, Esq. 'A Break in the River,' T. Creswick, A.R.A.; — Musgrave, Esq. 'The Oak in Pulstead Park,' F. Lee, R.A. 'Interior of a Welsh Cottage,' E. A. Goodall. 'The Shrine of St. Edward the Confessor,' Westminster Abbey, E. A. Goodall. 'The Abbey of St. Amand, Rouen,' E. A. Goodall. 'Fruit,' G. Lance, 100 gs. 'Fruit,' G. Lance. 'A Triograph,' G. Lance. 'A Slave,' G. Lance. 'An Israelite Indeed,' W. Etty, R.A. 'A Magdalen Reading,' W. Etty, R.A. 'Reposing after Bathing,' W. Etty, R.A. 'Entrance of Portsmouth Harbour,' A. Vickers; James Weatherby, Esq., £8. 'A Moorish Girl,' T. Elberby; — Maitelam, Esq., £9. 'Leander'—statue in marble, W. C. Marshall. 'Mungo and his Master,' G. Cole. 'Three to One,' J. F. Pasmore. 'Heidelberg, on the Neckar,' G. C. Stanfield, jun.; Edward Wilkinson, Esq. 'The Way to Ben-bridge, Isle of Wight,' A. Vickers; J. H. Mann, Esq. 'Industry and Idleness,' R. Ferrier; J. H. Mann, Esq., £30. 'A Bacchante,' J. P. Drew; J. H. Mann, Esq., 10 gs. 'Enjoying a Snooze,' H. Tiffin; R. H. Hand, Esq., 6 gs. 'Interior of a Stable,' Harry Hall; Thomas Esq., 6 gs. 'Interior of a Stable,' Harry Hall; Thomas Jackson, Esq., 40 gs. 'Study of an Indian's Head,' J. E. Millais; Jonathan Peel, Esq., —. 'The Village Church,' H. J. Bodington; Charles Brind, Esq., £40. 'Waiting for the Squire,' H. Jutsum; Charles Brind, Esq., £35. 'Scene in North Wales,' J. Middleton; Colonel Hardwick, 20 gs. 'Scotch Shepherd and Dog,' Thomas Woodward; Colonel Hardwick, 35 gs. 'An Interior,' A. Provis; F. Gibson, Esq. 'On the Banks of the Thames,' A. Gilbert; Mrs. Faulkner. 'Cattle by a River Side,' J. Dearman, £10. 'The Flower of the Scheldt,' A. J. Woolmer; Colonel Hardwick, 15 gs.

REVIEWS.

ROBERTS'S VIEWS IN EGYPT. Published by ALDERMAN MOON.

We announced in the last number of our journal the appearance of the commencement of this most valuable series, but we had not then space for a description of the plates. Of the excellence of these Egyptian views, the surpassing interest and truth of the antecedent subjects from the Holy Land were a sufficient earnest; but the long-expected work comes forth, and of this, as of the other, it leaves no room in anywise for another to come after it. Of the beauty of the execution it is scarcely necessary to speak—so exalted is already the reputation of the artist in this particular branch of Art. But there is one quality in these works which constitutes them a safe and enduring authority, and that is their fidelity of representation—and this fidelity extends to every thing representable by Art. The objects are not only given accurately, but every circumstance is deeply felt. We see Eygpt in the face of the country—in the atmosphere—and we see her inhabitants with that peculiar physical conformation even now seen on the obelisks of ages gone by. Ancient Egypt we behold in her temples nearly interred in the sand of the wilderness; and Modern Egypt, with mosque and minaret—and bowed beneath the moslem yoke. We see everywhere throughout these sketches the Turk as the lord of the soil, which, together with the now abject condition of the native Egyptians, points to the prophecy of Ezekiel, which declares that Egypt shall be the "basest of kingdoms;" and this is everywhere realized by the fact that native Egyptians have none of the power or wealth of the land: all rank, office, and emolument are claimed by the stranger.

But this ground, so deeply interesting, we must pass with more brevity than we could wish. The first subject, then, of these sketches is 'A View of the Pyramids of Geeseh from the Nile.' They are seen across an expanse of water rising in the centre distance of the plate, the foreground of which derives life from a group in the costume of the lords of the soil; the execution of the plate is beautifully light, but every item of interesting detail is sufficiently made out. Most travellers who write or speak of the Pyramids (having seen them) express disappointment at their apparent insignificance when approaching them; this feeling, it appears, Mr. Roberts experienced in common with others. The way to the Pyramids, from Cairo, lies through Old Cairo, which is now a kind of port or landing-place on the bank of the river, and near Rhoda Island. The extreme clearness of the atmosphere gives them such an appearance of proximity that the traveller, although several miles distant, seems to have reached their base. And it is not until actually there that their magnitude is duly estimated. The 'View towards the Pyramids of Dashour and Saccara' places the spectator on the Nile, and shows characteristically its low banks, whence the surrounding country is opened into very remote distance, which gradually retires into an aërial horizon. These Pyramids are comparatively small: the principal object in the composition is a slave-boat. The stone Pyramids of Dashour form the nearest group in the view; there is a striking irregularity in the construction of the southernmost of these, its summit having been finished at an angle different from that at which it was commenced. Of the slave-boat Mr. Roberts says:—"A boat of a very different description came alongside of mine this afternoon; it was a slave-boat, of small dimensions for its purpose, laden with a cargo of female slaves from Kordafan, and owned by a hoary villain, a Greek, who had the effrontery to tell me that he was a Christian. Except that they had been torn from their friends—an evil distressing enough in itself—the slave-trade here seems unaccompanied by any of the horrors which attend that infernal traffic in the passage from the western coast of Africa: for, except the confinement in the small space allotted to them in the boats, they are little exposed, in a climate like this, to inclement weather. The trade must be profitable, since such a journey could be advantageously taken with eleven only of these poor wretches for the market. Five were of a dark copper colour, and beautifully formed; and six were negresses, all young and in their prime; their hair plaited as in Nubia, but free from the villanous grease, and from the smell which generally accompanies its use there."

The 'Colossal Figures in front of the Great Temple of Aboo-Simbel' are four in number, one only of which has been cleared of the sand. These figures are the largest in Egypt or Nubia, except the Sphinx of the Pyramids, each measuring, from the shoulder to the elbow, fifteen feet six inches; the face seven feet, the ears three feet six inches, across the shoulders twenty-five feet four inches; their height, as they sit, is about fifty-one feet, not including the caps, which are about fourteen feet. These, the most beautiful colossi yet found in any of the Egyptian ruins, represent Remeses II.; they are seated on thrones attached to the rock. On the sides, and on the front angles of the thrones, and between the legs of the statues, are sculptured female figures, supposed to be his wife and children; they are well preserved, though the material is a coarse friable gritstone. During the execution, defects in the stone were filled and smoothed with stucco, and afterwards painted, of which traces remain. The figure which is relieved of the sand is nearest the spectator; three, as we have said, only remain; the fourth—or second, according to their order—has fallen. The discovery of this extraordinary temple was made by the celebrated Burckhardt, on his return from Mahass, after an ineffectual attempt to reach Dongola, in the spring of 1813. 'The Temple of Tafa, in Nubia,' presents a portion of the ruins of ancient Taphis, on the left bank of the Nile, a little below Kalabshe. This temple has been used as a Christian church, evidences of which are afforded on the walls, as rude paintings of the saints of the church, the Virgin and Child, and designs for the Ascension and Nativity; but these are nearly obliterated. The 'View of Pompey's Pillar' presents little else than that object; the plate is, nevertheless, full of interest. As a testimony to the truth of Mr. Roberts's sketches, we extract a passage from Lord Nugent's "Lands Classical and Sacred," and close our notice of these beautiful productions with the simple observation, that no praise can surpass their merits:—

"I should not like to close the observations I have made on these lands without adding a few words in testimony of the extraordinary fidelity of Mr. Roberts's published drawings of such parts as I have seen, and as come also within the range of his beautiful work. In Lower Egypt, Palestine, Phœnicia—wherever Mr. Roberts's journey has lain with mine—every expression of climate he has given in his colouring, every detail of scenery, every building, rock, and tree described in his outline, is a faithful copy. He has nowhere made sacrifice of truth for the sake of picturesque effect, although, with consummate taste and genius, he has chosen all the most striking and agreeable effects to make his drawings the great works of Art which they are. To look upon them is to see every scene he describes just as it is viewed from the point that best gives its general character. And this is all the more gratifying to those persons who have been on his track, from the exceeding inaccuracy of almost every other publication, at least of such as I have seen illustrative of these places.

THE ROBIN HOOD BALLADS. Edited by J. M. GUTCH, F.S.A. LONGMAN and Co.

These volumes are named from the most important narrative poem of the series, "A Lytell Geste of Robin Hode, with the Ancient and Modern Ballads and Songs relative to this celebrated Yeoman"; and there is no point in the traditionary history of the famous outlaw that the industry and research of Mr. Gutch have omitted. Since the publication of "Ritson's Collection" much new light has been thrown on the subject by M. Thierry and other writers; and the abiding interest of the popular hero's adventures is fully proved in the attention he has received at the hands of the most distinguished literary men. Sir Walter Scott is eulogistic of the "gentle thief"; and his fellow-countryman, Allan Cunningham, says of the ballads which record his adventures:—"They are full of incident and human character; they reflect the manners and feelings of remote times; they delineate much that the painter has not touched, and the historian has forgotten; they express, without acrimony, a sense of public injury or of private wrong; nay, they sometimes venture into the regions of fancy, and give pictures in the spirit of romance. A hearty relish for fair fighting; a scorn of all that is skulking and cowardly; a love of whatever is free, and manly, and warm-hearted; a hatred of all oppressors, clerical and lay; and a sympathy for those who loved a merry joke, either practical or spoken, distinguished 'The Ballads of Robin Hood.'" In a similar spirit has Mr. Gutch treated the hero of the commons of England; he is inclined to fix the period of his existence to the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., and considers that he was driven to the greenwood by the oppression of the first-named sovereign, who, after the battle of Evesham, with "the unmanly insolence of a feeble mind intoxicated by undeserved success," visited all opponents with tyrannical laws. To avoid their infliction, and preserve their rights as Englishmen, Robin and his merry men betook themselves to the free woods. "These men," says M. Thierry, "took as much pride in the title of *outlaw* as in a free nation is attached to that of *citizen*"; and Chaucer has in an admirable manner, and with much quaint humour, characterized those who bore such titles, when comparing them with powerful commanders, who, having the means of working great destruction, are therefore honourably named; but, because

> "the outlaw hath but small meinie, [followers]
> And may not do so great an harm as he,
> Nor bring a country to so great mischief,
> Men callen him an outlaw or a thief."

It is not our business here to defend the character of Robin: that rests in better hands than ours; for ages he has been the popular idol, and is honoured by the learned as the impersonation of popular feeling. With these advantages he is immortal, for, to use the words of Drayton,

> "In this our spacious isle I think there is not one
> But he of Robin Hood hath heard, and Little John."

It is pleasant to see the hero of our childhood, the delight of our common people—"who drew a good bow and shot a good shot" in merry Sherwood—in the place of honour. His adventures, which furnished the ballad-monger with rude sheets, ornamented with still ruder woodcuts, are now elegantly printed and beautifully illustrated—are companion volumes with our best modern books, ranking on the same shelves with the choicest tomes. We hope the enthusiasm with which Mr. Gutch has laboured for this hero will meet with a due response; he truly observes:—"In these days of matter-of-fact turmoil, it may be some relief to minds sick and weary of actual things to reseek the woods and forests of more fabulous days." No better guide than Mr. Gutch could be wished; his volumes abound with curious information and genuine love for the "merrie greenwood," while the many cuts scattered through them recal sylvan scenes and the ballad-incidents to the eye. The illustrations are all by Mr. Fairholt—an artist who has also worked in the same spirit with the editor; and the chief interest of the cuts consists in their faithful portraiture of the various localities immortalised by their connexion with Robin, and which have been collected from all parts of the kingdom with the greatest industry. Facsimiles of the woodcuts which appeared in the ancient editions of the "Garlands" are also given, with many other curious cuts, to delight the antiquary; while the lover of picturesque scenery will find forest scenes, head and tail pieces, that will transport all those "in populous city pent" to the woodlands. These illustrations are all the better for their unpretending simplicity—glimpses of wood and water on which the eye pleasantly reposes; quaint costumes of the thirteenth century. Localities named in ballads, or connected with the hero, pleasantly diversify the pages of this elegant work, and testify to the genuine enthusiasm with which both artist and author have laboured in their production. To all lovers of ballad literature we can cordially recommend these beautiful volumes.

PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN. Painted by FOWLER; engraved by J. RICHARDSON JACKSON. Published by WELCH.

PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Painted by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.; engraved by J. RICHARDSON JACKSON. Published by F. GWYNNE.

These are re-engravings of two very favourite prints: that of "the Duke" more especially; the portrait was, perhaps, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the great Painter; it exhibits him in the prime of life and the zenith of fame; and is the one of all others that posterity will most covet: it is, in fact, the best homage of Art to the high genius. We refer to these prints chiefly because they are the work of an engraver, hitherto little

known, for whom they will assuredly make a reputation. They are in mezzotinto; and it is not too much to say there is but one artist of our school who could surpass them in brilliancy of touch, in vigour of style, and in high finish of execution. They do ample justice to the painters. In the case of Lawrence, we have the touch of the master as closely as copy can render it; and in that of Fowler, painter has rarely been so much indebted to engraver. Mr. Jackson will of a surety assume at once a prominent rank in his profession; with the one exception referred to, there is no mezzotint engraver of our age who has manifested greater power or adhered with more fidelity to the original.

MEMOIRS OF BENVENUTO CELLINI. Written by Himself. Translated by THOMAS ROSCOE. Published by HENRY G. BOHN.

The accomplished and eccentric Cellini is really better known to us than to his own contemporaries, through this curious autobiography. "This precious document"—the original MS.—is said to have been discovered, in 1810, by Signor Poirot, at the shop of one of the booksellers of Florence. On the death of this gentleman, in 1825, it passed, with all his MSS., into the Laurentian Library, in compliance with the tenor of his will. In 1830 Signor Giuseppe Moline, of Florence, published an edition, which forms a volume of the "Bibliotheca Italiana Portatili"; but this had been preceded by Mr. Roscoe's English edition, published in 1822, which has carried the fame of Cellini into circles which had never known him as an artist. Of this autobiography Horace Walpole says,—"Cellini was one of the most extraordinary men of an extraordinary age: his life, written by himself, is more amusing than any novel I know." Cellini lived and moved in a circle of great men. The celebrated painters of his time are the great fathers of modern art; and who that has seen his 'Perseus' under the Loggie in the Piazza del Grandaca at Florence, or his famous 'Mercury' in the Palazzo Vecchio, will deny his right to a fellowship among them? He was intimate with Michel Angiolo and Titian, and the friend of every other contemporary genius; and patronised by Francis I., Charles V., Popes Clement VII. and Paul III., the Dukes Alessandro and Cosmo of Florence, and many other princes and distinguished persons of that time. The highest testimonies are offered as to the amusement afforded by this really valuable book; but we must regard it in another light: it is not only amusing, but full of the most useful information; for the facetious and ingenious Benvenuto withholds nothing of his craft; all his appliances and means are laid open—his views of Art—his methods of overcoming the difficulties of his own particular department—his manner of modelling—and his habits of profiting by the labours and designs of others. There is throughout the whole a singleness of mind to which our faith cannot be refused, although every incident of the autobiography has the air of an adventure; even the various remarkable commissions which he received professionally have respectively their uncommon interest. And thus does the book earnestly commend itself to all lovers of Art and the romance of real life, which, after all, transcends that of fiction.

FOX-HUNTING: THE MEET; THE FIND; FULL CRY; THE DEATH. From Paintings by J. T. HERRING; engraved by T. W. HUFFAM. Publisher, BAILY, Cornhill.

It is not often that we are called upon to review coloured prints; nor are they often of a class that demand notice at our hands; these, however, are certainly of a far better order than such as usually court the acceptance of "the sportsman," who has heretofore been made easily content with productions of Art, provided the dogs and horses are pictured with a reasonable approach to reality. Mr. Herring is an artist of far higher talent than those who have laboured in this "field"; and it is pleasant to find that even "mighty hunters" are to participate in the advantages that result from improved Art. In these pictures—a series of four, which tells the tale of hunting the fox—there is a manifestation of much artistic skill; the grouping is good; the landscape is judiciously managed; all the lesser accessaries are in excellent keeping; and it is scarcely necessary to add that the horses and dogs are drawn with perfect accuracy. In 'The Meet' there is an assemblage of mounted Nimrods around a leafless tree; in 'The Find' the dogs are advancing before the eager sportsmen, whose "day" is at length begun; in the 'Full Cry' the horses are as much animated as their riders, as they gallop over gates and hedges after the pack; and in 'The Death', which takes place among a group of firtrees, the painted story is brought to a close. The prints, as we have intimated, are coloured; they are faithful copies of Mr. Herring's pictures—a fact to which we can bear testimony, having seen the originals, which belong to Mr. Gilbert, the enterprising print-publisher, of Sheffield.

MEMBERS OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. Painted by J. F. HERRING, Sen.; engraved by THOMAS LANDSEER. Published by Messrs. FULLER, Rathbone-place.

It would be difficult to determine the subject of this really excellent print from the little given above; it is one of those titular facetiæ which give point to pictures of a certain class. This, then, is a large print presenting a group of three horses' heads drinking at a trough. If temperance be typified by beverage, they are temperate; but, if we may extend our consideration to quantity, they are not so; and in support of this conclusion (if temperance mean nothing more than water) we have the evidence of the painter himself, who shows us that two of the animals have just raised their heads from the water, as horses are wont to do after the first long draught; and in this description there is more of the natural habit of the animal than we ever could have expected to see realized in a picture. Their mouths are moving, and the water which has not passed beyond the mouth flows from it, during the pause when the head is raised, with that air of gratification which contrasts so strongly with the eagerness and anxiety that precede the draught. One of the horses is still drinking, and the drawing of the ears tells of that slight movement which accompanies the action of the throat. The middle head is that of a grey horse, another is a black, and the third brown or chestnut; and the genuine nature with which they are so broadly impressed can never be surpassed in Art. The manner of the engraving is a mixture of line, etching, and mezzotint, and well calculated to bring out such a subject to the best advantage. It is indeed, as a print, perhaps the most successful effort of an accomplished artist—Thomas Landseer.

THE NATIONAL CYCLOPÆDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. Part I. London: CHARLES KNIGHT.

That large portion of the reading public, whose means of acquiring knowledge from books are but scanty, owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Knight for having devised and carried out a system of publishing which places within the reach of all a mass of literary and scientific information possessed, heretofore, only by the few. "The Penny Cyclopædia," perhaps more than any other of his publications, merited and received a large amount of popular support; and now "The National Cyclopædia" is put forth in a way which, we doubt not, will meet with similar encourgement. It appears to be a careful condensation of the former work, with the addition of matter rendered indispensable by the lapse of time. Upwards of two hundred and fifty pages are here given, neatly and clearly printed, for the sum of *one shilling*. What more can be done to make useful knowledge cheap?

THE PRINCIPLES OF DESIGN AND COLOUR: containing the Arrangement and Disposition of Forms with Facility and Success in the various Patterns for Silk, Cotton, Woollen, Paper, and other Manufactures; together with the Matching of Colours so as to produce Elegance and Richness of Effect. Illustrated with Plates containing Diagrams of the Principles of Colour. ACKERMANN and Co., Strand.

In a thin quarto book of only seventeen pages are gathered a good many right notions about the properties of Design. As general principles they will be found useful to many who have never turned their thoughts to any theoretic maxims—beginners especially; and the three plates of diagrams will lead the attention to a due consideration of the harmony of tints, and the greater effect such combinations have on the eye in preference to the violent and incongruous oppositions which are characterized by the usual term of tawdry.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE. Drawn by KENNY MEADOWS.

This is a peculiarly elegant and graceful design from the pencil of Kenny Meadows; whose brilliant fancy has here found ample scope. The flowers—dearest of all flowers to poets—have been combined by the painter with skill and the happiest effects; but the title refers more emphatically to two fair girls, about whose delicate forms the flowers are entwined. The 'Rose' is a full and fair child, playing with a butterfly; the 'Lily,' a maiden moving into womanhood, and more sedate and staid than that of her gay and joyous sister. The artist has produced a page of true poetry; his mind is full of rich fancies; now and then he indulges in the grotesque; but more often in those refined delicacies of thought that prove his genius fitted for the loftiest pursuits in Art. This very charming print is an example of his high ability to deal with topics as far removed from the "commonplace" as are the stars from earth.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A HUNTER. Published by OLDMEADOW, Cranbourn-street.

This series of six coloured prints, drawn on stone and, we believe, from paintings by the publisher, are highly creditable examples of a class of Art which finds many admirers and purchasers. They tell the story of a noble horse, from his earliest hour of glory to "the last scene of all." We remember, many years ago, witnessing, at "famous Astley's," the play of "The High-mettled Racer"; we have here his painted history; we see him descending, from the field where his honours were obtained, to the "cab," and thence to the "knacker's" yard—tracing him through the several grades of a "busy" life, until he is become of comparatively small value, and at length consigned by ungrateful masters to his fate. The tale is well and effectively told; the theme is treated with much sound knowledge of the subject in all its bearings; and the series cannot fail to be acceptable to all who require and estimate such sources of enjoyment.

THE BOOK OF MELODY, AND DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION. Edited by ROBT. GUYLOTT. London: DARTON and CLARK.

The title is a fitting description of this volume, which contains a selection of pretty songs, mostly ballads; two, more especially, deserve our praise: "The Faded Rose," by Bertini; and a barcarole, "The Bark bounds Light": the poetry by Sir E. L. Bulwer, and the music by the editor, Robert Guylott. Also, a "Grand March" and "Rondino Brillante," by Cittadini, are not merely good and instructive in their style, but pleasing specimens of the composer's talent. The illustrations, by Brandard, are elegant and appropriate; good taste is displayed in this volume, which also combines the qualities of good paper and printing. There is but one thing we consider might improve it: we refer to a disadvantage to the singer in almost all English songs: it consists in this—having the first part of the air on one page, and the second and following verses on the other; this arrangement renders it difficult to be sung, unless the words are *learned*, and, consequently, annihilates *singing at sight*, for in music it is not more easy to read pages one and three at the same moment than in any other book. In German and, we believe, other foreign songs, this difficulty is obviated by having a greater space left between the air and accompaniment, that two or more verses may be printed; it would occupy about the same space on paper, and would be a great improvement upon the ordinary method in this country; and, though it may be in a measure immaterial to those who commit words to memory, yet it is essential for the more highly educated in the art who *do* sing at sight to be able to read the words *with the notes*, otherwise they can neither *articulate clearly*, nor give *effect to the words*: and, as these are the two most prominent defects in English vocalists, we feel bound to suggest a mode of overcoming one difficulty, and endeavour to remove what is, at least, an obstacle to their improvement.